

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MONT BLANC.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago—when children's books were rare presents, and so were prized, and read, and read again, until the very position of the paragraphs was known by heart—I had a little volume given to me at the Soho bazaar, called *The Peasants of Chamouni*, which told, in a very truthful manner, the sad story of Dr. Hamel's fatal attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc in 1820. I dare say that it has long been out of print; but I have still my own old copy by me, and I find it was published by Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy, in 1823.

My notions of the Alps at that time were very limited. We had a rise near our village called St. Anne's Hill, from which it was fabled that the dome of St. Paul's had once been seen with a telescope, at a distance of some sixteen or seventeen miles, as the crow flew; and its summit was the only high ground I had ever stood upon. Knowing no more than this, the little book, which I have said had a great air of truth about it, made a deep impression on me: I do not think that *The Pilgrim's Progress* stood in higher favor. And this impression lasted from year to year. Always devouring the details of any work that touched upon the subject, I at length got a very fair idea, topographical and general, of the Alps. A kind friend gave me an old four-volume edition of *de Saussure*; and my earliest efforts in French were endeavors to translate this work. I read the adventures of Captain Sherwill and Dr. Clarke in the magazines of our local institution; and finally I got up a small moving panorama of the horrors pertaining to Mont Blanc from Mr. Auldjo's narrative—the best of all that I have read; and this I so painted up and exaggerated in my enthusiasm, that my little sister—who was my only audience, but a most admirable one, for she cared not how often I exhibited—would become quite pale with fright.

Time went on, and in 1838 I was entered as a pupil to the Hôtel Dieu, at Paris. My first love of the Alps had not faded; and when the *vacances* came in September, with twelve pounds in my pocket, and an old soldier's knapsack on my back, (bought in a dirty street of the Quartier Latin for two or three francs,) I started from Paris for Chamouni, with another equally humbly-appointed fellow student, now assistant-surgeon in the —th Hussars.

It was very late one evening when I arrived at the little village of Sallanches, in Savoy—then a cluster of the humblest *chalets*, and not as now, since the conflagration, a promising town—very footsore and dusty. At the door of the inn I met old Victor Tairraz, who then kept the Hôtel de Londres at Chamouni, and was the father of the three brothers who now conduct it—one as a *maitre*, the second as cook, and the third as head waiter. He hoped when I arrived at Chamouni that I would come to his house; and he gave me a printed card of his prices, with the view of the establishment at the top of it, in which every possible peak of the

Mont Blanc chain that could be selected from all points of the compass was collected into one aspect, supposed to be the view from all the bed-room windows of the establishment, in front, at the back, and on either side. I was annoyed at this card; for I could not reconcile, at that golden time, my early dreams of the valley of Chamouni with the ordinary business of a Star-and-Garter-like hotel.

I well remember what a night of expectation I passed, reflecting that on the early morrow I should see Mont Blanc with my own practical eyes. When I got out of my bed the next morning—I cannot say “awoke,” for I do not think I slept more than I should have done in the third class of a long night train—I went to the window, and the first view I had of the Mont Blanc range burst on me suddenly, through the mist—that wondrous breath-checking *coup d'ail*, which we all must rave about when we have seen it for the first time—which we so sneer at others for doing when it has become familiar to us. Every step I took that day on the road was as on a journey to fairy-land. Places which I afterwards looked upon as mere common halts for travellers—Servoz, with its little inn, and *Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle*, where I bought my baton; the *montets* above Pont Pelissier; the huts at Les Ouches, where I got some milk—were all enchanted localities. And when, passing the last steep, as the valley of Chamouni opens far away to the left, the glittering rocky advanced post of the Glacier des Bossons came sparkling from the curve, I scarcely dared to look at it. Conscious that it was before me, some strange impulse turned my eyes towards any other objects—unimportant rocks and trees or cattle on the high pasturages—as though I feared to look at it. I never could understand this coquetting with excitement until years afterwards, when a young author told me a variety of the same feeling had seized him as he first saw a notice of his first book in a newspaper. He read the paragraphs above and below and about it; but only glanced at the important one, as though striving constantly to renew the vivid pleasure he had felt upon first seeing it. The whole of that week at Chamouni passed like a dream. I started off every morning at daybreak with my *alpenstock*, and found my own way to the different “lions” of the valley—to Montanvert, the Flegère, the Pelerins, and the other points of resort: for the guide's six francs a-day would have made a great void in my student's purse. With the first light I used to watch the summit of Mont Blanc from my room; and at sunset I always went into the fields behind the church, to see the rosy light creep up it, higher and higher, until it stood once more—cold, clear, mocking the darkening peaks below it—against the sky. From long study of plans, and models, and narratives, I could trace every step of the route; and I do believe, if any stalwart companion had proposed it, with the recollection of what Jacques Balmat and Dr. Paccard had done alone, I should have been mad enough to have started on their traces. I was in hopes, from the settled weather, that some one would attempt the ascent whilst I was at Chamouni; when I should immediately have offered myself as a volunteer or

porter to accompany him. But no one came forward until the day after my departure; and then a lady, Mademoiselle Henriette d'Angeville, succeeded in reaching the top, together with the landlord of the Hôtel Royal, and a Polish gentleman, who was stopping in the house.

When I came home to England I had many other things to think about. With the very hard work which the medical practice attached to a large country union required, I had little time for other employment. One dull evening, however, I routed out my old panorama, and as our little village was entirely occupied at the time with the formation of a literary and scientific institution, I thought I could make a grand lecture about the Alps. Availing myself of every half-hour I could spare, I copied all my pictures on a comparatively large scale—about three feet high—with such daring lights, and shadows, and streaks of sunset, that I have since trembled at my temerity as I looked at them; and then contriving some simple mechanism with a carpenter, to make them roll on, I selected the most interesting parts of Mr. Auldjo's narrative, and with a few interpolations of my own, produced a lecture which, in the village, was considered quite a "hit," for the people had seen incandescent charcoal burnt in bottles of oxygen, and heard the physiology of the eye explained by diagrams, until any novelty was sure to succeed. For two or three years, with my Alps in a box, I went round to various literary institutions. The inhabitants of Richmond, Brentford, Guildford, Staines, Hammersmith, Southwark, and other places, were respectively enlightened upon the theory of glaciers, and the dangers of the Grand Plateau. I recall these first efforts of a showman—for such they really were—with great pleasure. I recollect how my brother and I used to drive our four-wheeled chaise across the country, with Mont Blanc on the back seat, and how we were received, usually, with the mistrust attached to wandering professors generally, by the man who swept out the Town Hall, or the Athenæum, or wherever the institution might be located. As a rule, the Athenæums did not remind one of the Acropolis: they were situated up dirty lanes, and sometimes attached to public houses, and were used in the intervals of oxygen and the physiology of the eye, for tea festivals and infant schools. I remember well the "committee-room," and a sort of condemned cell in which the final ten minutes before appearing on the platform were spent, with its melancholy decanter of water and tumbler before the lecture, and plate of mixed biscuits and bottle of Marsala afterwards. I recollect, too, how the heat of my lamps would unroll those above them, producing twilight and oil avalanches at the wrong time; and how my brother held a piece of wax-candle-end behind the moon on the Grands Mulets, (which always got applauded;) and how the diligence, which went across a bridge, would sometimes tumble over. There are *souvenirs* of far greater import that I would throw over before those old Alpine memories.

No matter why, in the following years I changed my lancet into a steel pen, and took up the trade of authorship. My love of the Alps still remained the same; and, from association alone, I translated the French drama *La Grace de Dieu*, under the name of *The Pearl of Chamouni*, for one of the London minor theatres. I brought forward all my old views, and made the directors get up the scenery as true to nature as could be expected in

an English playhouse, where a belief in the unreal is the great creed; and then I was in the habit of sitting in a dark corner of the boxes, night after night, and wondering what the audience thought of "The valley and village of Chamouni, as seen from the Col de Balme pass, with Mont Blanc in the distance:" so ran the bill. I believe, as far as they were concerned, I might have called it *Snowdon* or *Ben Nevis* with equal force; but I knew it was correct, and was satisfied.

In the ensuing seven or eight years I always went over to Chamouni whenever I had three weeks to spare in the autumn. Gradually the guides came to look upon me as an *habitué* of the village; and in our rambles I always found them clear-headed, intelligent, and even well-read companions. But whatever subject was started we always got back to Mont Blanc in our conversation; and when I left Chamouni last year, Jean Tairraz made me half promise that I would come back again the following August, and try the ascent with him. All the winter through the intention haunted me. I knew, from my engagements in periodical literature, that the effort must be a mere scamper—a spasm almost when it was made; but at length a free fortnight presented itself. I found my old knapsack in a store-room, and I beat out the moths and spiders, and filled it as of old; and on the first of August last I left London Bridge in the mail-train of the South-Eastern Railway, with my Lord Mayor and other distinguished members of the corporation, who were going to the *fêtes* at Paris, in honor of the Exhibition, and who, not having a knapsack under their seat, lost their luggage, as is no doubt chronicled in the city archives.

I had not undergone the least training for my work. I came from my desk to the railway, from the railway to the diligence, and from that to the *char-à-banc*; and on the night of my arrival at Chamouni I sent for Tairraz, and we sat upon a bit of timber on the edge of the Arve, consulting upon the practicability of the ascent. He feared the weather was going to change, and that I was scarcely in condition to attempt it; but he would call a meeting of the chief guides at his little curiosity shop next morning, and let me know the result. I made up my mind, at the same time, to walk as much as I could; and, on the second day of my arrival, I went twice to the Mer de Glace, and, indeed, crossed to the other side by myself. In the court-yard of the Hôtel de Londres, on the Friday afternoon, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of three young gentlemen, who had come from Ouchy, on the Lake of Geneva, with the intention also of trying the ascent. It was immediately settled that we should unite our caravans; and that same evening, Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz the elder, Jean Carrier, and Gedeon Balmat, met us to settle our plans. The weather had unfortunately changed. It rained constantly: the wind came up the valley—always a bad sign—and the clouds were so low that we could not even see the Aiguilles, nor the top of the Brevent. But so determined were we to go, that, at all risks we should have ventured. Every arrangement of food, covering, &c., was left to M. Edouard Tairraz, the landlord of the excellent Hôtel de Londres; and it was understood that we were all to keep in readiness to start at half an hour's notice. My young friends, who had been in regular training for some time, continued to perform prodigies of pedestrianism. I did as much as I could; but, unfortunately, was taken so poorly on my return from Montanvert

on the Monday—I suspect from sudden overwork, and sitting about in the wet—that I was obliged to lie down on my bed for four or five hours on my return to the hotel, and, in very low spirits, I began to despair of success.

All this time the weather never improved: it rained unceasingly. We almost rattled the barometer to pieces in our anxiety to detect a change; and Jean made an excursion with me to the cottage of one of the Balmats—the very same house spoken of in my old book, *The Peasants of Chamouni*—who was reported to have a wonderful and valuable weather-guide, the like of which had never been seen before in the valley, called *Le Menteur* by the neighbors, because it always foretold the reverse of what would happen. This turned out to be one of the little Dutch houses, with the meteorological lady and gentleman occupiers. The lady, in her summer costume, was most provokingly abroad, and the worst fears were entertained. Whilst, however, we were at dinner that day, all the fog rolled away clean out of the valley, as if by magic. The mists rose up the *Aiguilles* like the flocks of steam from the valley railway; the sun broke out, and M. Tairraz cried out from the top of the table—“*Voilà le beau temps qui vient: vous ferez une belle ascension, Messieurs: et demain.*”

We thought no more of dinner that day; all was now hurry and preparation. At every stove in the kitchen, fowls, and legs and shoulders of mutton were turning. The guides were beating up the porters, who were to carry the heavier baggage as far as the edge of the glacier; the peasants were soliciting us to be allowed to join the party as volunteers; and the inhabitants of the village, generally, had collected in the small open space between the church and the Hôtel de l'Union, and were talking over the chances of the excursion—for the mere report of an attempt puts them all in a bustle. We walked about Chamouni that night with heads erect, and an imposing step. People pointed at us, and came from the hotels to see what we were like. For that evening, at least, we were evidently great persons.

The sun went down magnificently, and everything promised a glorious day on the morrow. I collected all my requisites. Our host lent me a pair of high gaiters, and Madame Tairraz gave me a fine pair of scarlet garters to tie them up with. I also bought a green veil, and Jean brought me a pair of green spectacles. In my knapsack I put other shoes, socks, and trousers, and an extra shirt; and I got a new spike driven into my baton, for the glacier. I was still far from well, but the excitement pulled me through all discomfort. I did not sleep at all, that night, from anxiety as to the success of the undertaking: I knew all the danger; and when I made a little parcel of my money, and the few things I had in my “kit,” and told the friend who had come with me from London to take them home if I did not return, I am afraid my attempt to be careless about the matter was a failure. I had set a small infernal machine, that made a hideous noise at appointed hours, to go off at six; but I believe I heard every click it gave all through the night; and I forestalled its office in the morning by getting out of bed myself at sunrise and stopping it. We met at seven o'clock, on the morning of Tuesday, the 12th, to breakfast. All our guides and porters had a feast in the garden, and were in high spirits—for the glass had gone up half an inch, and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. Nothing could exceed the bustle of the inn-

yard, everybody had collected to see the start: the men were dividing and portioning the fowls, and bottles of wine, and rugs, and wrappers; something was constantly being forgotten, and nobody could find whatever was of most importance to them; and the good-tempered cook—another Tairraz—kept coming forth from the kitchen with so many additional viands that I began to wonder when our stores would be completed. The list of articles of food which we took up with us was as follows:—

NOTE No. 1.

PROVISIONS FOR THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Hôtel de Londres. Chamouni, August 12, 1851.

	France.
60 bottles of Vin Ordinaire,	60
6 do. Bordeaux,	36
10 do. St. George,	20
15 do. St. Jean,	30
3 do. Cognac,	15
1 do. Syrup of Raspberries,	3
6 do. Lemonade,	6
2 do. Champagne,	14
20 Loaves,	30
10 Small Cheeses,	8
6 Packets of Chocolate,	9
6 do. Sugar,	6
4 do. Prunes,	6
4 do. Raisins,	6
2 do. Salt,	1
4 Wax Candles,	4
6 Lemons,	1
4 Legs of Mutton,	24
4 Shoulders do.,	12
6 Pieces of Veal,	30
1 Piece of Beef,	5
11 Large Fowls,	30
35 Small do.,	87
Total,	456

About half past seven we started; and as we left the inn, and traversed the narrow, ill-paved streets of Chamouni towards the bridge, I believe we formed the largest caravan that had ever gone off together. Each of us had four guides, making twenty in all;* and the porters and volunteers I may reckon at another score; besides which, there was a rabble rout of friends, and relations, and sweethearts, and boys, some of whom came a considerable distance with us. I had a mule waiting for me at the bridle-road that runs through the fields towards the dirty little village of *Les Pélerins*—for I wished to keep myself as fresh as I could for the real work. I do not think I gained anything by this, for the brute was exceedingly troublesome to manage up the rude steep path and amongst the trees. I expect my active young companions had the best of it on their own good legs. Dressed, at present, in light boating attire, they were types of fellows in first-rate fibrous muscular condition; and their sunny good temper, never once clouded during the journey, made everything bright and cheering.

The first two hours of the ascent presented no remarkable features, either of difficulty or prospect.

* The following were the names of our guides, copied from my certificate of the ascent:—Jean Tairraz, Jean Tairraz, Jean Carrier, Gedeon Balmat, Michel Couttet, Frederic Tairraz, Pierre Cachat, Michel Couttet, François Cachat, Joseph Tairraz, Joseph Tissay, Edouard Carrier, Michel Deroussaud, Auguste Devoussoud, François Favret. One guide—I forget his name—was poorly, and could not sign, the next morning.

The path was very steep and rugged, through a stunted copse of pines and shrubs, between which we saw on our right the glistening ice-towers of the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons. On our left was the ravine, along which the torrent courses to form the Cascade des Pelerins. The two nice girls who keep the little refreshment *chalet* at the waterfall came across the wood to wish us God-speed. Julie Favret, the prettier of the two, was said to be engaged to our guide, Jean Carrier—a splendid young fellow—so they lingered behind our caravan some little time; and when Jean rejoined us, an unmerciful shower of *badinage* awaited him. We kept on in single file, winding backwards and forwards amongst the trees, until we came to the last habitation up the mountain, which is called the Chalet de la Para; and here I was glad to quit my mule, and proceed with the rest on foot. From this point the vegetation gradually became more scanty; and, at last, even the fir-trees no longer grew about us. The hill-side was bare and arid, covered with the *débris* of the spring avalanches—amongst which tufts of rhododendron were blowing—and some goats were trying very hard to pick up a living. Our caravan was now spread about far and wide; but at half-past nine we came to an enormous block of granite called the Pierre Pointue, and here we reunited our forces and rested awhile. During our halt the porters readjusted their packs; and some who had carried or dragged up billets of wood with them, which they found on the way, chopped them into lengths and tied them on to their knapsacks. The weight some of these men marched under was surprising. Hitherto we had been on the ridge of one of the mighty buttresses of Mont Blanc, which hem in the glaciers between them; we had now to cling along its side to gain the ice. This part of the journey requires a strong head; here, and towards the termination of the ascent, dizziness would be fatal. Along the side of the mountain, which is all but perpendicular, the goats have worn a rude track, scarcely a foot broad. On your left your shoulder rubs the rock; and on your right there is a frightful precipice, at the bottom of which, hundreds of feet below you, is that confusion of ice, granite blocks, stones, and dirty roaring water, which forms in its *ensemble* the boundary of a glacier. The view is superb, but you dare not look at it. It is only when the loose ground crumbles away beneath your right foot, and you nearly slide away over the precipice—you would do so if the guide did not seize you by the arm with the sudden grip of a vice—that you give up staring about you, and do nothing but carefully watch the footsteps of the man who is going on before. The path goes up and down—its gradual tendency, however, is to descend; and in about twenty minutes we had arrived at the bottom of the ravine. Here we had another half-hour's troublesome scramble over loose boulders, which threw and twisted our ankles about in every direction, until at last we gained the second station, if it may so be called, of our journey—another huge rock called the Pierre à l'Echelle, under shelter of which a ladder is left from one year to the other, and is carried on by the guides, to assist them in passing the crevices on the glacier. The remains of an old one were likewise lying here, and the rungs of it were immediately seized for firewood.

We were now four thousand feet above Chamouni, and the wonders of the glacier world were breaking upon us. The edge of the ice was still

half an hour's walk beyond this rock, but it appeared close at hand—literally within a stone's throw. So vast is everything that surrounds the traveller—there is such an utter absence of any comprehensible standard of comparison—his actual presence is so insignificant—a mere unheeded, all but invisible speck on this mountain world—that every idea of proportionate size or distance is lost. And this impossibility of calculation is still further aided by the bright clear air, seen through which the granite outlines miles away are as sharply defined as those of the rocks you have quitted but half-an-hour ago.

Far below us, long after the torrents had lost themselves in little gray threads amongst the pine woods, we saw the valley of Chamouni, with its fields and pastures parcelled out into parti-colored districts, like the map of an estate sale; and we found the peaks of other mountains beginning to show above and beyond the lofty Brevent. Above us, mighty plains of snow stretched far away in all directions; and through them the ice-crag and pinnacles of the two glaciers, Bossons and Tacconay, were everywhere visible. On either side of us, at the distance perhaps of a couple of miles from each other, were the two huge buttresses of Mont Blanc which form the channel of the glacier before alluded to. Along one of these we had come up from the valley; de Saussure chose the other when he made his ascent in 1787. High up the sides of these mountains were wondrous cornices of ice, of incalculable weight, threatening to fall every instant. Pieces now and then tumbled down with a noise like distant thunder; but they were not large enough to be dangerous. Had a block of several tons descended at once, its momentum would have carried it along the glacier, sweeping everything before it; and of this occurrence the guides are constantly in dread.

We rested here nearly half-an-hour; and it was not until we unpacked some of our cold fowls from the *Galignani* in which they were rolled that we found our knives and forks had been left behind. Tairraz thought Balmat had them—and Balmat had told Carrier to look after them—and Carrier had seen them on the bench outside the hotel just as we started, and expected young Devouassoud had put them in his knapsack—and so it went on. But nobody in the end had brought them. Most of us, however, had pocket-knives; and what we could not carve we pulled to pieces with our fingers, and made a famous meal. The morning was so bright, and the air so pure, and the view so grand, and we were already so fatigued—or fancied we were—that I believe, if the guides had not beaten us up again into marching order, we should have dawdled about this Pierre à l'Echelle for half the day. So we took our batons and started off again; and after a troublesome scuffle over the grimy border of the glacier we reached its clean edge, and bade good-by to firm footing and visible safety for the rest of the excursion.

The first portion of the journey across the Glacier des Bossons is easy enough, provided always that the outer crust of the snow lying upon it is tolerably hard. We marched on in single file, the guides taking it by turns to lead, (as the first man had of course the heaviest work,) amidst cliffs and hillocks, and across sloping fields and uplands, all of dazzling whiteness. I here observed, for the first time, the intense dark-blue color which the sky apparently assumes. This is only by comparison with the unsubdued glare from the snow on

all sides—since, on making a kind of *lorgnette* with my two hands, and looking up, as I might have done at a picture, there was nothing unusual in the tint. Our veils and glasses now proved great comforts, for the sun was scorching, and the blinding light from the glaciers actually distressing. By degrees our road became less practically easy. We had to make zig-zag paths up very steep pitches, and go out of our line to circumvent threatening ice-blocks or suspected crevices. The porters, too, began to grumble, and there was a perpetual wrangling going on between them and the guides as to the extent of their auxiliary march; and another bottle of wine had constantly to be added to the promised reward when they returned to Chamouni. All this time we had been steadily ascending; and at last the glacier was so broken, and the crevices so frequent and hugely gaping, that the guides tied us and themselves together with cords, leaving a space of about eight feet between each two men, and prepared for serious work.

The traveller who has only seen the Mer de Glace can form no idea of the terrific beauty of the upper part of the Glacier des Bossons. He remembers the lower portions of the latter, which appears to rise from the very corn-fields and orchards of Chamouni, with its towers and ruins of the purest ice, like a long fragment of quartz inconceivably magnified; and a few steps from the edge of Montanvert will show him the icy chasms of the Mer. But they have little in common with the wild and awful tract we were now preparing to traverse. The Glacier des Bossons, splitting away from that of Tacconay, is rent and torn and tossed about by convulsions scarcely to be comprehended; and the alternate action of the nightly frost and the afternoon sun on this scene of splendid desolation and horror, produces the most extraordinary effects. Huge bergs rise up, of a lovely pale sea-green color, perforated by arches decorated every day with fresh icicles many feet in length; and through these arches one sees other fantastic masses, some thrown like bridges across yawning gulfs, and others planted like old castles on jutting rocks commanding valleys and gorges, all of ice. There is here no plain surface to walk upon; your only standing-room is the top of the barrier that divides two crevices; and as this is broad or narrow, terminating in another frightful gulf, or continuous with another treacherous ice-wall, so can you be slow or rapid. The breadth of the crevice varies with each one you arrive at, and these individually vary constantly, so that the most experienced guide can have no fixed plan of route. The fissure you can leap across to-day, becomes by to-morrow a yawning gulf.

Young Devouassoud now took the lead, with a light axe to cut out foot-steps and hand-holds with when necessary, and we all followed, very cautiously placing our feet in the prints already made. "*Choisissez vos pas*" was a phrase we heard every minute. Our progress was necessarily very slow; and sometimes we were brought up altogether for a quarter of an hour, whilst a council was held as to the best way of surmounting a difficulty. Once only the neck of ice along which we had to pass was so narrow that I preferred crossing it saddle-fashion, and so working myself on with my hands. It was at points similar to this that I was most astonished at the daring and sure-footedness of the guides. They took the most extraordinary jumps, alighting upon banks of ice that shelved at once

clean down to the edges of frightful crevices, to which their feet appeared to cling like those of flies. And yet we were all shod alike—in good stout "shooting shoes," with a double row of hobnails; but, where I was sliding and tumbling about, they stood like rocks. In all this there was, however, little physical exertion for us—it was simply a matter of nerve and steady head. Where the crevice was small, we contrived to jump over it with tolerable coolness; and where it was over three or four feet in breadth, we made a bridge of the ladder, and walked over on the rounds. There is no great difficulty, to be sure, in doing this, when a ladder lies upon the ground; but with a chasm of unknown depth below it, it is satisfactory to get to the other side as quickly as possible.

At a great many points the snow made bridges, which we crossed easily enough. Only one was permitted to go over at a time; so that, if it gave way, he might remain suspended by the rope attached to the main body. Sometimes we had to make long detours to get to the end of a crevice, too wide to cross anyway; at others, we would find ourselves all wedged together, not daring to move, on a neck of ice that at first I could scarcely have thought adequate to have afforded footing to a goat. When we were thus fixed, somebody cut notches in the ice, and climbed up or down, as the case required; then the knapsacks were pulled up or lowered; then we followed, and, finally, the rest got up as they could. One scramble we had to make was rather frightful. The reader must imagine a valley of ice, very narrow, but of unknown depth. Along the middle of this there ran a cliff, also of ice, very narrow at the top, and ending suddenly, the surface of which might have been fifteen feet lower than the top of this valley on either side, and on it we could not stand two abreast. A rough notion of a section of this position may be gained from the letter W, depressing the centre angle, and imagining that the cliff on which we were standing. The feet of our ladder was set firm on the neck of the cliff, and then it was allowed to lean over the crevice until its other end touched the wall, so to speak, of the valley. Its top round was, even then, seven or eight feet below where we wanted to get. One of the young guides went first with his axe, and contrived, by some extraordinary succession of gymnastic feats, to get safely to the top, although we all trembled for him—and, indeed, for ourselves; for, tied as we all were, and on such a treacherous standing, had he tumbled he would have pulled the next after him, and so on, one following the other, until we should all have gone hopelessly to perdition. Once safe, he soon helped his fellows, and, one after the other, we were drawn up, holding to the cord for our lives. The only accident that befell me on the journey here happened. Being pulled quickly up, my ungloved hand encountered a sharp bit of granite frozen in the ice, and this cut through the veins on my wrist. The wound bled furiously for a few minutes; but the excitement of the scramble had been so great that I actually did not know I was hurt until I saw the blood on the snow. I tied my handkerchief round the cut, and it troubled me no more; but, from such hurried surgery, it has left a pretty palpable scar.

Our porters would go no farther—promises and bribes were now in vain—and they gave up their luggage, and set off on their way back to Chamouni. We now felt, indeed, a forlorn hope; but fortunately we did not encounter anything worse than

we had already surmounted; and about four o'clock in the afternoon we got to the station at which we were to remain until midnight.

The Grands Mulets are two or three conical rocks which rise like island peaks from the snow and ice at the head of the Glacier des Bossons, and, were they loftier, would probably be termed *Aiguilles*. They are visible with the naked eye from Chamouni, appearing like little cones on the mountain side. Looking up to them, their left-hand face, or outer side, as I shall call it, goes down straight at once, some hundred feet, to the glacier. On the right hand, and in front, you can scramble up to them pretty well, and gain your resting-place, which is about thirty feet from the summit, either by climbing the rock from the base, which is very steep and fatiguing, or by proceeding farther up along the snow, and then returning a little way, when you find yourself nearly on a level with your shelf—for such it is. A familiar example of what I mean is given in a house built on a steep hill, where the back door may be on the third story.

The ascent of this rock was the hardest work we had yet experienced; it was like climbing up an immense number of flag-stones, of different heights, set on their edges. Before we got half-way, we heard them firing guns at Chamouni, which showed us that we were being watched from the village; and this gave us fresh energy. At last we reached something like a platform, ten or twelve feet long, and three or four broad; and below this was another tolerably level space, with a low parapet of loose stones built round it, whilst here and there were several nooks and corners which might shelter people on emergency. We acknowledged the salute at Chamouni, by sticking one of our batons into a crevice, and tying a handkerchief to the top of it; and then set to work to clear away the snow from our resting-place. Contrary to all my expectation, the heat we here experienced was most sultry, and even distressing. Those who have noted how long the granite posts and walls of the Italian cities retain the heat after the sun has gone down, will understand that this rock upon which we were was quite warm wherever the rays fell upon it, although in every nook of shade the snow still remained unthawed.

As soon as we had arranged our packs and bundles, we began to change our clothes, which were tolerably well wet through with trudging and tumbling about among the snow; and, cutting a number of pegs, we strewed our garments about the crannies of the rocks to dry. I put on two shirts, two pairs of lamb's-wool socks, a thick pair of Scotch plaid trousers, a "Templar" worsted head-piece, and a common blouse; and my companions were attired in a similar manner. There was now great activity in the camp. Some of the guides ranged the wine bottles side by side in the snow; others unpacked the refreshment knapsacks; others, again, made a rude fireplace, and filled a stew-pan with snow to melt. All this time it was so hot, and the sun was so bright, that I began to think the guide who told de Saussure he should take a parasol up with him did not deserve to have been laughed at.

As soon as our wild bivouac assumed a little appearance of order, two of the guides were sent up the glacier to go a great way ahead, and then return and report upon the state of the snow on the plateaux. When they had started, we perched ourselves about, on the comparatively level spaces

of the rock, and with knife and fingers began our dinner.

We had scarcely commenced when our party was joined by a young Irishman and a guide, who had taken advantage of the beaten track left behind us, and marched up on our traces with tolerable ease, leaving to us the honor (and the expense) of cutting out the path. My younger friends, with a little ebullition of university feeling, proposed, under such circumstances, that we should give him a reception in keeping with the glacier: but I thought it would be so hyper-punctilious to show temper here, on the Grands Mulets rocks, up and away in the regions of eternal snow, some thousand feet from the level world, that I ventured on a very mild hint to this effect, which was received with all the acquiescence and good-temper imaginable. So we asked him to contribute his stores to our table, and, I dare say, should have got on very well together; but the guides began to squabble about what they considered a breach of etiquette, and presently, with his attendant, he moved away to the next rock. Afterwards another "follower" arrived, with two guides, and he subsequently reached the summit.

We kept high festival that afternoon on the Grands Mulets. One stage of our journey—and that one by no means the easiest—had been achieved without the slightest hurt or harm. The consciousness of success thus far, the pure transparent air, the excitement attached to the very position in which we found ourselves, and the strange, bewildering novelty of the surrounding scenery, produced a flowing exhilaration of spirits that I had never before experienced. The feeling was shared by all; and we laughed and sang, and made the guides contribute whatever they could to the general amusement, and told them such stories as would translate well in return; until, I believe, that dinner will never be forgotten by them. A fine diversion was afforded by racing the empty bottles down the glacier. We flung them off from the rock as far as we were able, and then watched their course. Whenever they chanced to point neck first down the slope, they started off with inconceivable velocity, leaping the crevices by their own impetus, until they were lost in the distance. The excitement of the guides during this amusement was very remarkable; a stand of betting men could not have betrayed more at the Derby. Their anxiety when one of the bottles approached a crevice was intense; and if the gulf was cleared, they perfectly screamed with delight, "*Voici un bon coureur!*" or "*Tiens! comme il saut bien!*" burst from them; and "*Le grand s'arrête!*" "*Il est perdu—quel dommage!*" "*Non—il marche encore!*" could not have been uttered with more earnestness had they been watching a herd of chamois.

It got somewhat chilly as the sun left the Mulets, but never so cold as to be uncomfortable. With my back against the rock, and a common railway rug over my feet and legs, I needed nothing else. My knapsack was handy at my elbow to lean upon—the same old companion that had often served for my pillow on the Mediterranean and the Nile; and so I had altogether the finest couch upon which a weary traveller ever rested.

I have, as yet, purposely abstained from describing the glorious view above, around, and beneath us, for the details of our bivouac would have interrupted me as much as the arrangements actually did, until we got completely settled for the night—

at least so much of it as we were to pass there. The Grands Mulets rocks are evidently the highest spines, so to speak, of a ridge of the mountain dividing the origin of the two glaciers of Bossons and Taconay. They are chosen for a halting-place, not less from their convenient station on the route than from their situation out of the way of the avalanches. From the western face of the peak on which we were situated we could not see Chamouni, except by climbing up to the top of the rock—rather a hazardous thing to do—and peeping over it, when the whole extent of the valley could be very well made out; the villages looking like atoms of white grit upon the chequered ground. Below us, and rising against our position, was the mighty field of the glacier—a huge prairie, if I may term it so, of snow and ice, with vast irregular undulations, which gradually merged into an apparently smooth unbroken tract, as their distance increased. Towering in front of us, several thousand feet higher, and two or three miles away, yet still having the strange appearance of proximity that I have before alluded to, was the huge Dôme du Gouté—the mighty cupola usually mistaken by the valley travellers for the summit of Mont Blanc. Up the glacier, on my left, was an enormous and ascending valley of ice, which might have been a couple of miles across; and in its course were two or three steep banks of snow, hundreds of feet in height, giant steps by which the level landing-place of the Grand Plateau was to be reached. On the first and lowest of these, we could make out two dots slowly toiling up the slope. They were the pioneers we had started from the Mulets on arriving, and their progress thus far was considered a proof that the snow was in good order. Still farther up, above the level which marked the Grand Plateau, was the actual summit of Mont Blanc. As I looked at it, I thought that in two hours' good walking, along a route apparently as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow, it might be easily reached; but immediately my eye returned to the two specks who had already taken up that time in painfully toiling to their present position. The next instant the attempt seemed hopeless, even in a day. As it was now, with the last five hours' unceasing labor and continuous ascent, the lower parts of the glacier that we had traversed appeared close at hand; but when I looked down to my right, across the valley, and saw the Brevent—to get to the summit of which from Chamouni, requires hours of toil; when I saw this lofty wall of the valley gradually assuming the appearance of a mere ploughed ridge, I was again struck with the bewildering impossibility of bringing down anything in this "world of wonders" to the ordinary rules of experiences of proportion and distance.

The sun at length went down behind the Aiguille du Gouté, and then, for two hours, a scene of such wild and wondrous beauty—of such inconceivable and unearthly splendor—burst upon me, that, spell-bound and almost trembling with the emotion its magnificence called forth—with every sense, and feeling, and thought absorbed by its brilliancy, I saw far more than the realization of the most gorgeous visions that opium or *hasheesh* could evoke, accomplished. At first, everything about us—above, around, below—the sky, the mountain, and the lower peaks—appeared one uniform creation of burnished gold, so brightly dazzling that, now

our veils were removed, the eye could scarcely bear the splendor. As the twilight gradually crept over the lower world, the glow became still more vivid; and presently, as the blue mists rose in the valleys, the tops of the higher mountains looked like islands rising from a filmy ocean—an archipelago of gold. By degrees this metallic lustre was softened into tints—first orange, and then bright transparent crimson, along the horizon, rising through the different hues with prismatic regularity, until, immediately above us, the sky was a deep pure blue, merging towards the east into glowing violet. The snow took its color from these changes; and every portion on which the light fell was soon tinged with pale carmine, of a shade similar to that which snow at times assumes, from some imperfectly explained cause, at high elevations—such, indeed, as I had seen, in early summer, upon the Furka and Faulhorn. These beautiful hues grew brighter as the twilight below increased in depth; and it now came marching up the valley of the glaciers until it reached our resting-place. Higher and higher still, it drove the lovely glory of the sunlight before it, until at last the vast Dôme du Gouté and the summit itself stood out, icelike and grim, in the cold evening air, although the horizon still gleamed with a belt of rosy light.

Although this superb spectacle had faded away, the scene was still even more than striking. The fire which the guides had made, and which was now burning and crackling on a ledge of rock a little below us, threw its flickering light, with admirable effect, upon our band. The men had collected round the blaze, and were making some chocolate, as they sang *patois* ballads and choruses; they were all evidently as completely at home as they would have been in their own *chalets*. We had arranged ourselves as conveniently as we could, so as not to inconvenience one another, and had still nothing more than an ordinary wrapper over us; there had been no attempt to build the tent with batons and canvass, as I had read in some of the Mont Blanc narratives—the starry heaven was our only roofing. F. and P. were already fast asleep. W. was still awake, and I was too excited even to close my eyes in the attempt to get a little repose. We talked for a while, and then he also was silent.

The stars had come out, and, looking over the plateau, I soon saw the moonlight lying cold and silvery on the summit, stealing slowly down the very track by which the sunset glories had passed upward and away. But it came so tardily that I knew it would be hours before we derived any actual benefit from the light. One after another the guides fell asleep, until only three or four remained round the embers of the fire, thoughtfully smoking their pipes. And then silence, impressive beyond expression, reigned over our isolated world. Often and often, from Chamouni, I had looked up at evening towards the darkening position of the Grands Mulets, and thought, almost with shuddering, how awful it must be for men to pass the night in such a remote, eternal and frozen wilderness. And now I was lying there—in the very heart of its icebound and appalling solitude. In such close communion with nature in her grandest aspect, with no trace of the actual living world beyond the mere speck that our little party formed, the mind was carried far away from its ordinary trains of thought—a solemn emotion of mingled awe and delight, and yet self-perception of abject nothingness, alone rose above every other feeling.

* A world of wonders, where creation seems
No more the works of Nature, but her Dreams.

MONTGOMERY.

A vast untrodden region of cold and silence, and death, stretched out, far and away from us, on every side; but above, heaven, with its countless watchful eyes, was over all!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets; there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and, wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair like a Chinese balloon, or more truly the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him to light me as I followed. Michael Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower “keeping it up” by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing “God save the Queen” to his guide. Soon afterwards we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may so be called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zigzag, up the steep. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult; for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although, for a long time, we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the lightest puff of wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *Aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then

retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not much more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on your route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge crevice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner—more terrible in its semi-obscure than it is possible to convey an impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed, our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine; our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight, from the Dôme du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and as inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked. Tairraz crept close to me, and said, through his teeth, almost in a whisper—“C'est ici, monsieur, que mon frère Auguste est péri en 1820, avec Balmat et Carrier; les pauvres corps sont encore là bas!—ça me donne de peine, toujours, en traversant le Plateau; et la route est encore périlleuse.” “Et les avalanches?” I asked—

"tombent elles toujours!" "Oui, monsieur, toujours—nuit et jour. Le plutôt, passé, mieux pour nous!"

In fact, although physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of a horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hemorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Talfourd was compelled to give in, in 18—. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as unfortunately we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky, and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark boundless space a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until the gray hazy ocean, lighted up into hills, and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and

then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculae of ice, which were really very painful, as they blew against and past our faces and ears; so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken away all my appetite, and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the N. E. to the E. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous as one as a man might make along a steeply-pitched roof with snow on it. Jean Carrier went first with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level; but when that ice is tilted up more than half-way towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides, who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half-an-hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer de Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan. From this point, on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word "bewitched" is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a Mayday festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not suffi-

ciently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon awaking, the phantasms of our dreams are sometimes carried on, and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Perviz in the *Arabian Nights*. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible Mur de la Côte—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any farther, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon "pluck," I got ready for the climb. I have said the Mur de la Côte is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below, in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier moraine, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful Mur de la Côte calls for no ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still, as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth, glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and François Cachat, I think, behind. I scarcely know what

our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree, that clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing, very slowly indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path, that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot, before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in a blue haze.

For upwards of half-an-hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte* as it is called—the "cap" of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so "blown," in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinecure to pull me after him, for I was stumbling about, as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my "team," because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow, and the guides were grouped about, some lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted, that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and, turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough; I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but

just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place, it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvertlets lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Géant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the Pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless, undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these, rolled about in the mouth, without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I

had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd, dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fullness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After a while the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing; we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar, and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily that it was quite diverting; and a rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drunk was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations"—the acute and honest de Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world, of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is even now shared but by a comparative handful of travellers; and we had succeeded!

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half an hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit; but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and with the exception of the Mur de la Côte, (which required the same caution as in coming up,) the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zigzags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather

back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once; but, before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux*; and, after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were now not together—the little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down, according to his fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and, although I had not had any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-by to the Grands Mulets, most probably forever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the icecliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knaresborough; every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always a signal for a *detour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been

dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the *Pierre à l'Echelle*, where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased; but I ordered Jean Carrier to go ahead, and tell his pretty sweetheart at the *Pavillon des Pelerins* that we should make all the party drink her health there—a promise I had given a day or two previously—and he started off like a chamois. Jean Tairraz was sent forward to bespeak some milk for us at the *Chalet de la Para*, and then we took our time; and, once more upon solid, trustworthy ground, began the last descent. Some mules were waiting at the chalet, but the road was so exceedingly steep and tortuous that I preferred my own legs; and by five o'clock we had come down the pine wood, and found ourselves at the little cabin, with Julie, all brightness and blushes, busying about to receive us.

Several ladies and gentlemen had come thus far to meet us; and, what with the friends and families of the guides, we now formed a very large party indeed. It was here humbly suggested that we should mount our mules, to render our entry into Chamouni as imposing as possible; so, after the men had drunk with their friends, and with one another, and indeed with everybody, we formed into our order of march across the fields between the two villages. First went the two Tairraz, Balmat, and Carrier, with their ice-axes, as the chiefs of the party, and especially attached to us; then we came on our inules; after us walked the body of the guides, with such of their families as had come to meet them, and little boys and girls, so proud to carry their batons and appear to belong to the procession; and, finally, the porters and volunteers with the knapsacks brought up the rear. And so we went merrily through the fields that border the Arve, in the bright afternoon sunlight, receiving little bouquets from the girls on the way, and meeting fresh visitors from Chamouni every minute.

We had heard the guns firing at Chamouni ever since we left the Pelerins; but as we entered the village we were greeted with a tremendous round of Alpine artillery from the roof of the new *Hôtel Royal*, and the garden and court-yard of the *Hôtel de Londres*. The whole population was in the streets, and on the bridge; the ladies at the *hôtels* waving their handkerchiefs, and the men cheering; and a harpist and a violin player now joined the *cortège*. When we got into the court of our hotel, M. Edouard Tairraz had dressed a little table with some beautiful bouquets and wax candles, until it looked uncommonly like an altar, but for the half-dozen of champagne that formed a portion of its ornaments; and here we were invited to drink with him, and be gazed at, and have our hands shaken by everybody. One or two enthusiastic tourists expected me there and then to tell them all about it; but the crowd was now so great, and the guns so noisy, and the heat and dust so oppressive, coupled with the state of excitement in which we all were, that I was not sorry to get away and

hide in a comfortable warm bath, which our worthy host had prepared already. This, with an entire change of clothes, and a quiet comfortable dinner, put me all right again; and at night, when I was standing in the balcony of my chamber window, looking at the twinkling pine illuminations on the bridge, and watching the last glow of sunset once more disappear from the summit of the grand old mountain king, I could hardly persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a wonderful dream.

I did not sleep very well when I went to bed. I was tumbling down precipices all night long, and so feverish that I drank off the entire contents of a large water-jug before morning. My face, in addition, gave me some pain where the sun had caught it; otherwise I was perfectly well—sufficiently so, indeed, to get up tolerably early the next day, and accompany a friend on foot to Montanvert. In the evening we gave the guides a supper in the hotel garden. I had the honor of presiding; and, what with toasts, and speeches, and songs, excellent fare and a warm-hearted company, the moon was once more on the summit of Mont Blanc before we parted. I know it will be some time before the remembrance of that happy evening passes away from those, between whom and ourselves such an honest friendship had grown up as only fellow-laboring in difficulty and danger can establish.

The undertaking so long anticipated is all over, and I am sitting in a little top-bedroom of the Couronne at Geneva, and settling the expenses with Jean Tairraz. The sunset, the glaciers, and the Mur de la Côte, have come down to a matter of "little bills." He first gives me the hotel account after the ascent. It is as follows:—

NOTE NO. 2.

	Francs.	Cents.
103 Bottles lost,	50	
18 Breakfasts to Guides,	22	50
18 Suppers to do.,	36	
6 Bottles London Porter,	18	
	126	50

So it will be seen our racing with the bottles was not without some of the expense attached to that sport in general. But it was better to throw them away than to fatigue the men with the thankless task of carrying them down again. They were charged at a high rate, as everything else is at Chamouni; because, it must be remembered, in such a wild secluded place the transport becomes very expensive.

I next receive his own account:—

NOTE NO. 3.

	Francs.	Cents.
16 Guides,	1600	
18 Porters,	108	
3 Mules,	18	
The Boy,	4	
1 Lantern broken,	1	75
Milk at the Chalet,	1	50
Extra pay to porters,	5	
Expense due to Julie at the Pavilion des Pelerins,	16	
Nails for shoes,	2	
	1755	25

Adding these together, we make—

	Francs.	Cents.
Provisions for ascent,	456	
Subsequent expenses,	126	50
Tairraz' guides' account,	1755	25
Total,	2337	75

This divided by four—the number of tourists—gives about 584 francs each. Had I gone up alone, of course the expense would have been greater.

Not without vivid recollections of a delightful and wondrous journey, thus safely and happily accomplished, and of the excellent humor and courteous attention of my companions—with a recommendation, to all whose time and constitution will permit, to make the same excursion, is this plain narrative concluded.

ALBERT SMITH.

M. D'ISRAELI'S CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

[From a review, in the Times, of M. D'Israeli's Life of Lord George Bentinck, we copy the conclusion:]

THE narrative of the book, and the review of the debates, are a constant attempt to get the last word in the quarrel, to impart the last touch of ridicule to Sir Robert, and to make the last explanation on behalf of his foes. Such an attempt is contrary to all notions of English fairness, and, we confidently predict, will not be successful. Even D'Israeli himself, after consuming many pages on the great Canning question, ends by affecting a compromise, which only means that it was much ado about nothing. Nor is this the only occasion in which, having exhausted all the arts of an advocate against Sir Robert, he yields at last to that sense of truth which he says is, "after all, the sovereign passion of mankind," and records a verdict against himself. When he rises above debating level, and contemplates the conservative statesman by the light of his long and beneficent career, M. D'Israeli does more justice to his theme, and at the same time to himself. To the following elaborate sketch of Sir Robert Peel we could tender some exceptions, but on the whole we must admit it to be fair:—

Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united with an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of application, which were sustained by a prodigious memory, while he could communicate his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution.

Such a man, under any circumstances, and in any sphere of life, would probably have become remarkable. Ordained from his youth to be busied with the affairs of a great empire, such a man, after long years of observation, practice, and perpetual discipline, would have become what Sir Robert Peel was in the latter portion of his life, a transcendent administrator of public business and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly. In the course of time the method which was natural to Sir Robert Peel had matured into a habit of such expertness that no one in the despatch of affairs ever adapted the means more fitly to the end; his original flexibility had ripened into consummate tact; his memory had accumulated such stores of political information that he could bring luminously together all that was necessary to establish or to illustrate a subject; while in the House of Commons he was equally eminent in ex-

position and in reply ; in the first, distinguished by his arrangement, his clearness, and his completeness ; in the second, ready, ingenious, and adroit, prompt in detecting the weak points of his adversary, and dexterous in extricating himself from an embarrassing position.

Thus gifted, and thus accomplished, Sir Robert Peel had a great deficiency ; he was without imagination. Wanting imagination, he wanted prescience. No one was more sagacious when dealing with the circumstances before him ; no one penetrated the present with more acuteness and accuracy. His judgment was faultless, provided he had not to deal with the future. Thus it happened through his long career, that while he always was looked upon as the most prudent and safest of leaders, he ever, after a protracted display of admirable tactics, concluded his campaigns by surrendering at discretion. He was so adroit that he could prolong resistance even beyond its term, but so little foreseeing that often in the very triumph of his manœuvres he found himself in an untenable position. And so it came to pass that Roman Catholic emancipation, parliamentary reform, and the abrogation of our commercial system, were all carried in haste or in passion and without conditions or mitigatory arrangements.

Sir Robert Peel had a peculiarity which is perhaps natural with men of very great talents who have not the creative faculty ; he had a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others. Instead of being cold and wary, as was commonly supposed, he was impulsive and even inclined to rashness. When he was ambiguous, unsatisfactory, reserved, tortuous, it was that he was perplexed, that he did not see his way, that the routine which he had admirably administered failed him, and that his own mind was not constructed to create a substitute for the custom which was crumbling away. Then he was ever on the lookout for new ideas, and when he embraced them he did so with eagerness, and often with precipitancy ; he always carried these novel plans to an extent which even their projectors or chief promoters had usually not anticipated, as was seen, for example, in the settlement of the currency. Although apparently wrapped up in himself, and supposed to be egotistical, except in seasons of rare exaltedness, as in the years 1844-5, when he reeled under the favor of the Court, the homage of the Continent, and the servility of Parliament, he was really deficient in self-confidence. There was always some person representing some theory or system exercising an influence over his mind. In his "sallet days" it was Mr. Horner or Sir Samuel Romilly ; in later and more important periods, it was the Duke of Wellington, the King of the French, Mr. Jones Lloyd—some others—and, finally, Mr. Cobden.

Let us now see how this peculiar temperament influenced his career and the history of this country.

There never was such an opportunity of forming a strong and enlightened administration and rendering the tory party famous and popular in the country as on the junction of the friends of Mr. Canning, after his decease, with the followers of the Duke of Wellington. All personal jealousies had ceased, and men like Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Lamb (Lord Melbourne), and Lord Palmerston, had, without reluctance or reserve, recognized the leadership of Mr. Peel, then only in the perfection of his manhood, and were acting with him with deference and cordiality. The times were ripe for a calm, prudent, and statesmanlike settlement of two great questions : the admission of Roman Catholics into the House of Commons, and some reconstruction of that assembly itself. Very moderate measures would have sufficed. The enfranchisement of half a-dozen of the great manufacturing towns would have been hailed with general satisfaction. The Duke of Wellington was against all change. Sir Robert Peel was then under the influence of the

Duke of Wellington. He believed that the Duke of Wellington was indicated as the man who would govern the country for the next quarter of a century. He joined the duke, therefore, in resistance to those who would have transferred the forfeited franchise of a corrupt Cornish borough to some great town of the north. The followers of Mr. Canning, who would not agree in so short-sighted a policy, were rudely expelled from the cabinet, and Sir Robert Peel, remaining the leader of a parliamentary party destitute, with his own exception, of parliamentary renown, was forced in a short space of time hurriedly to concede to the violence of external agitation so unconditional a satisfaction of the claims of the Roman Catholics that he broke up the tory party, and the reform of the House of Commons was consequently carried, and in the midst of a revolution.

After a great disaster it was observable of Sir Robert Peel that his mind seemed always to expand. His life was one of perpetual education. No one more clearly detected the mistakes which he had made, or changed his course under such circumstances with more promptness ; but it was the past and the present that alone engrossed his mind. After the catastrophe of '30 he broke away from the Duke of Wellington, and announced to his friends with decision that henceforth he would serve under no man. There are few things more remarkable in parliamentary history than the manner in which Sir Robert Peel headed an opposition for ten years without attempting to form the opinions of his friends, or instilling into them a single guiding principle, but himself displaying all that time, on every subject of debate, wise counsels, administrative skill, and accomplished powers of discussion. He could give to his friends no guiding principle, for he had none, and he kept sitting on those benches till somebody should give him one. He was so blind to the future that when the whigs, utterly prostrate, yielded him the government of the country on a colonial defeat in '39, he did everything he could to avoid taking the helm, when he might have come into office comparatively unpledged, and free at least, whatever course he had taken, from the painful and deserved reproaches that accompanied his last acts. But it so happened the finances of the country at that time were not flourishing ; the great interests under such circumstances were beginning, as usual, to grumble ; and Sir Robert Peel wanted to be brought in by the great interests. He succeeded in this object, and in the course of five years he was denouncing those great interests as monopolies, and destroying them.

The Roman Catholic Association, the Birmingham Union, the Manchester League, were all the legitimate offspring of Sir Robert Peel. No minister ever diminished the power of government in this country so much as this eminent man. No one ever strained the constitution so much. He was the unconscious parent of political agitation. He literally forced the people out of doors to become statesmen, and the whole tendency of his policy was to render our institutions mere forms. In a word, no one, with all his conservative language, more advanced revolution. In an ordinary period he would have been a perfect minister, but he was not a minister for stormy times ; he wanted depth and passion and resource for such an occasion.

After destroying the tory party in '46, he fell a-thinking again over the past and the present, as he did after his fall in '30, and again arrived at a great conclusion. In '30 he said he would act no longer as a subordinate ; in '46 he said he would act no longer as a partisan. In '30 he visited his position on the Duke of Wellington ; in '46 on the political ties of '41 ; but if he had been a man of genius he would have guided the Duke of Wellington, and in '41 would have given a creed to his party, always devoted to him, instead of borrowing their worn-out ideas.

No one knew better than Sir Robert Peel that with-

out party connexion that parliamentary government, which he so much admired would be intolerable; it would be at the same time the weakest and the most corrupt government in the world. In casting this slur upon party, Sir Robert Peel meant only to degrade the combinations of which he had experience and by which he had risen. Excluded from power which he ought to have wielded for a quarter of a century, he sat on his solitary bench revolving the past. At sixty he began to comprehend his position. The star of Manchester seemed as it were to rise from the sunset of Oxford, and he felt he had sacrificed his natural career to an obsolete education and a political system for which he could not secure even an euthanasia.

Sir Robert Peel had a bad manner, of which he was sensible; he was by nature very shy, but, forced early in life into eminent positions, he had formed an artificial manner, haughtily stiff or exuberantly bland, of which, generally speaking, he could not divest himself. There were, however, occasions when he did succeed in this, and on these, usually when he was alone with an individual whom he wished to please, his manner was not only unaffectedly cordial, but he could even charm. When he was ridiculed by his opponents in '41, as one little adapted for a court, and especially the court of a queen, those who knew him well augured different results from his high promotion, and they were right. But, generally speaking, he was never at his ease and never very content except in the House of Commons. Even there he was not natural, though there the deficiency was compensated for by his unrivalled facility, which passed current with the vulgar eye for the precious quality for which it was substituted. He had obtained a complete control over his temper, which was by nature somewhat fiery. His disposition was good; there was nothing petty about him; he was very free from rancor; he was not only not vindictive, but partly by temperament, and still more, perhaps, by discipline, he was even magnanimous.

For so very clever a man he was deficient in the knowledge of human nature. The prosperous routine of his youth was not favorable to the development of this faculty. It was never his lot to struggle. Although forty years in Parliament, it is remarkable that Sir Robert Peel never represented a popular constituency or stood a contested election. As he advanced in life he was always absorbed in thought, and abstraction is not friendly to a perception of character, or to a fine appreciation of the circumstances of the hour. After the general election of '34-5, a nobleman who was his warm friend, and who had exerted himself very greatly to establish Peel in power, expressed his regret that the result of the appeal to the country had not been so favorable as they could have wished. In short, the Tories, on their own dissolution, were in a minority. Sir Robert, however, did not share the apprehensions of his friend. "I have confidence in my measures," said Sir Robert, with an expression of satisfaction. Now, to suppose that any measures, had they been arch-angelic, could have influenced the decision of a liberal Parliament that had been rudely dissolved by a court intrigue, of which, by the bye, Sir Robert Peel was perfectly innocent, and which was panting for vengeance, displayed a confidence in the abstract justice of man which experience does not warrant. The minister of a court which had outraged a Parliament, and that minister in a minority, was not exactly the personage to carry measures. As might have been expected, the House of Commons refused even to put his speaker in the chair, in order that accepting the intimation his measures might not even be brought forward.

After the reform of the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel was naturally anxious to discover who was to be the rival of his life, and it is noticeable that

he was not successful in his observations. He never did justice to Lord John Russell until he found Lord John not only his rival, but his successful one, and then, according to his custom and his nature, he did the present minister of England full justice. No person could be more sensible of the grave import of the events in Canada, which occurred on his accession to office in '34, than Sir Robert Peel. They were the commencement of great calamities and occasioned him proportionate anxiety. It was obvious that everything depended on the character of the individual sent out by the metropolis to encounter this emergency. The highest qualities of administration were demanded. After much pondering, Sir Robert selected the amiable and popular Lord Canterbury. It was entirely his own selection, and it was perhaps the most unfit that could be made. But Sir Robert Peel associated Lord Canterbury with the awful authority of twenty years of the speaker's chair. That authority had controlled him, and of course he thought it must subdue the Canadians. It was like a grown-up man in the troubles of life going back for advice to his schoolmaster. But perhaps his want of perception of character was never more remarkably illustrated than in the appointment of his secretaries of the treasury in the government of '34. The party had been managed in opposition by two gentlemen, each distinguished by different but admirable qualities. One was remarkable for the sweetness of his temper, his conciliatory manners, and an obliging habit, which gains hearts oftener than the greatest services; he knew every member by name, talked to all sides, and had a quick eye which caught every corner of the house. His colleague was of a different cast; reserved and cold, and a great parliamentary student; very capable of laborious affairs and with the right information always ready for a minister. Sir Robert appointed the man of the world financial secretary of the treasury, locked him up in a room or sealed him to a bench, and intrusted to the student, under the usual title of patronage secretary of the treasury, the management of the House of Commons—a position which requires consummate knowledge of human nature, the most amiable flexibility, and complete self-control. The administration did not last five months; but enough occurred in the interval to induce the minister to change on the next occasion the positions of these two gentlemen, who then served him as efficiently as they had before done with fidelity and zeal.

As an orator, Sir Robert Peel had, perhaps, the most available talent that has ever been brought to bear in the House of Commons. We have mentioned that both in exposition and in reply he was equally eminent. His statements were perspicuous, complete, and dignified; when he combated the objections or criticized the propositions of an opponent, he was adroit and acute; no speaker ever sustained a process of argumentation in a public assembly more lucidly, and none as debaters have united in so conspicuous a degree prudence with promptness. In the higher efforts of oratory he was not successful. His vocabulary was ample and never mean; but it was neither rich nor rare. His speeches will afford no sentiment of surpassing grandeur or beauty that will linger in the ears of coming generations. He embalmed no great political truth in immortal words. His flights were ponderous; he soared with the wing of the vulture rather than the plume of an eagle; and his perorations when most elaborate were most unwieldy. In pathos he was quite deficient; when he attempted to touch the tender passions, it was painful. His face became distorted, like that of a woman who wants to cry, but cannot succeed. Orators certainly should not shed tears, but there are moments when, as the Italians say, the voice should weep. The taste of Sir Robert Peel was highly cultivated, but it was

not originally fine ; he had no wit, but he had a keen sense of the ridiculous and an abundant vein of genuine humor. Notwithstanding his artificial reserve, he had a hearty and a merry laugh, and sometimes his mirth was uncontrollable. He was gifted with an admirable organ ; perhaps the finest that has been heard in the house in our days, unless we except the thrilling tones of O'Connell. Sir Robert Peel also modulated his voice with great skill. His enunciation was very clear, though somewhat marred by provincialisms. His great deficiency was want of nature, which made him often appear even with a good cause more plausible than persuasive, and more specious than convincing. He may be said to have gradually introduced a new style into the House of Commons which was suited to the age in which he chiefly flourished, and to the novel elements of the assembly which he had to guide. He had to deal with greater details than his predecessors, and he had in many instances to address those who were deficient in previous knowledge. Something of the lecture, therefore, entered into his displays. This style may be called the didactic.

After his fall, in the autumn of '46, when on a visit to one who had opposed his policy, but who was his friend, sauntering with his host and sitting on a stile, Sir Robert Peel spoke very fully of the events that had just occurred. He said then, and was then in the habit of saying, though it was quite a self-illusion, that nothing should ever induce him to accept power again. And he gave among many interesting reasons for arriving at this conclusion, not only the untimely end of so many of his predecessors, significant of the fatal trust, but a consciousness on his own part that his debating powers were declining. But this would seem to have been a false judgment. Sir Robert Peel encountered in '46 an opposition which he had not anticipated, and partly carried on in a vein in which he did not excel. To be bearded, sometimes worsted, in that scene where he had long reigned paramount, at the moment galled and mortified him, and he accounted for the success of his opponents by the decay of his own powers. But Sir Robert Peel made some of his most considerable efforts in the great struggle of '46 ; and it may be a question whether his very best speeches were not those which he made during the last three years of his life. They were more natural than his speeches either as minister or as leader of opposition. There was more earnestness and more heat about them, and much less of the affectation of plausibility.

It is often mentioned by those political writers who on such a subject communicate to their readers their theories and not their observations of facts, that there was little sympathy between Sir Robert Peel and the great aristocratic party of which he was the leader : that on the one side there was a reluctant deference, and on the other a guidance without sentiment. But this was quite a mistake. An aristocracy hesitates before it yields its confidence, but it never does so grudgingly. In political connexions under such circumstances the social feeling mingles, and the principle of honor which governs gentlemen. Such a following is usually cordial and faithful. An aristocracy is rather apt to exaggerate the qualities and magnify the importance of a plebeian leader. They are prompted to do this both by a natural feeling of self-love and by a sentiment of generosity. Far from any coldness subsisting between Sir Robert Peel and the great houses which had supported him through his long career, there never was a minister who was treated with such nice homage—it may be said with such affectionate devotion. The proudest in the land were prouder to be his friends, and he returned the feeling to its full extent and in all its sincerity.

Sir Robert Peel was a very good-looking man. He was tall, and though of latter years he had become

portly, had to the last a comely presence. Thirty years ago, when he was young and lithe, with curling brown hair, he had a very radiant expression of countenance. His brow was very distinguished, not so much for its intellectual development, although that was of a very high order, as for its remarkably frank expression, so different from his character in life. The expression of the brow might even be said to amount to beauty. The rest of the features did not, however, sustain this impression. The eye was not good ; it was sly, and he had an awkward habit of looking askance. He had the fatal defect also of a long upper lip, and his mouth was compressed.

One cannot say of Sir Robert Peel, notwithstanding his unrivalled powers of despatching affairs, that he was the greatest minister that this country ever produced, because, twice placed at the helm, and on the second occasion with the Court and the Parliament equally devoted to him, he never could maintain himself in power. Nor, notwithstanding his consummate parliamentary tactics, can he be described as the greatest party leader that ever flourished among us, for he contrived to destroy the most compact, powerful, and devoted party that ever followed a British statesman. Certainly, notwithstanding his great sway in debate, we cannot recognize him as our greatest orator, for in many of the supreme requisites of oratory he was singularly deficient. But what he really was, and what posterity will acknowledge him to have been, is the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived.

Peace to his ashes ! His name will be often appealed to in that scene which he loved so well, and never without homage, even by his opponents.

This and some other masterly portraits, several parliamentary pictures, particularly the last closing scene of Sir Robert Peel's administration, prefaced with a maiden speech from Lord Chandos, and ending with the protectionists passing in review before Sir Robert on their way to the hostile lobby, are the redeeming portions of the book, and we wish that we could quote them. The staple, however, is too much the old thing over again, the quarrel rehearsed, when the interest of it is as purely historical as the two chief personages of the story. There is one chapter which in its way is a curiosity of literature. It is a long one, and, from first to last, is an essay on the Jewish race and their position in Christendom, comprising everything that M. D'Israeli had said in his novels about Bedouin tribes, Semitic tradition, the natural superiority of the Jewish race, and its revenge on its scornors. Some of his speculations, especially those on the crucifixion, are, to say the least, so extraordinary, that it is a kindness to give no further intimation of their purport. So ends the chapter. The next opens with the announcement that "it was not from any of these considerations" that Lord George Bentinck was favorable to the admission of the Jews into Parliament. Why, it is impossible, to say what subject might not have been introduced with this negative connection. In a volume which was already too bulky, and the original defect of which was the want of good materials for the biographer, a chapter of *Tancred* is at least a superfluous aggravation. Lord George Bentinck's own friends will hardly thank the biographer for the national cause thus associated with his personal claims. From these remarks it will be seen that the volume is a very mixed affair. We have read it all ; much of it with interest, and much with pain, but we must say that the latter is the predominant impression.

A WOMAN FORBIDDING HER OWN MARRIAGE BANS. —The parish church of Stoke-upon-Trent was, on Sunday morning, the scene of a strange incident. While the marriage banns for the first time of asking were being read over by the clergyman, on the names of a particular couple being announced, a female rose up in the body of the church, and said, "I forbid these banns, both here and everywhere else." When she began to speak, the beadle, not being aware of her object, shook his wand at her to enjoin silence, but she persisted in "saying her say." The singular part of the affair, however, is, that on being interrogated as to her reasons, in the vestry, by the Rev. T. Reddall, the officiating minister, after the service was over, it turned out that she herself was one of the very

couple whose banns she had forbidden. The intended husband is a Roman Catholic, and she a Protestant, and rumor says that after their names had been entered on the list of candidates for "holy matrimony," some talk took place between them as to future arrangements, during which the bridegroom elect told her he should require her to attend the Roman Catholic chapel, and that their children must be educated in the same faith. Not feeling disposed to come under such an unequal yoke, she wished to break off the match, which she had been led to believe could only be accomplished at the stage to which preparatory proceedings had arrived, by a public forbidding of the banns, on their announcement in church.—*Staffordshire Advertiser.*

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BOOK IX.—INITIATORY CHAPTER.

Now that I am fairly in the heart of my story, these preliminary chapters must shrink into comparatively small dimensions, and not encroach upon the space required by the various personages whose acquaintance I have picked up here and there, and who are now all crowding upon me like poor relations to whom one has unadvisedly given a general invitation, and who descend upon one simultaneously about Christmas time. Where they are to be stowed, and what is to become of them all, Heaven knows; in the mean while, the reader will have already observed that the Caxton family themselves are turned out of their own rooms, sent a-packing, in order to make way for the new comers.

And now that I refer to that respected family, I shall take occasion (dropping all metaphor) to intimate a doubt, whether, should these papers be collected and republished, I shall not wholly recast the Initial Chapters in which the Caxtons have been permitted to reappear. They assure me, themselves, that they feel a bashful apprehension lest they may be accused of having thrust irrelevant noses into affairs which by no means belong to them—an impertinence which, being a peculiarly shy race, they have carefully shunned in the previous course of their innocent and segregated existence. Indeed, there is some cause for that alarm, seeing that not long since, in a journal professing to be critical, this *My Novel, or Varieties in English Life*, was misnamed and insulted as "a Continuation of *The Caxtons*," with which biographical work it has no more to do (save in the aforesaid introductions to previous books in the present diversified and compendious narrative) than I with Hecuba, or Hecuba with me. Reserving the doubt herein suggested for maturer deliberation, I proceed with my new Initial Chapter. And I shall stint the matter therein contained to a brief comment upon Public Life.

Were you ever in public life, my dear reader? I don't mean, by that question, to ask whether you were ever Lord-Chancellor, Prime-Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or even a member of the House of Commons. An author hopes to find readers far beyond that very egregious but very limited segment of the Great Circle. Were you ever a busy man in your vestry, active in a municipal corporation, one of a committee for furthering the interests of an enlightened candidate for your native burgh, town, or shire!—in a word, did you ever resign your private comforts as men in order to share the public troubles of mankind? If ever you have so

far departed from the Lucretian philosophy, just look back—was it life at all that you lived!—were you an individual distinct existence—a passenger in the railway?—or were you merely an indistinct portion of that common flame which heated the boiler and generated the steam that set off the monster train!—very hot, very active, very useful, no doubt; but all your identity fused in flame, and all your forces vanishing in gas.

And do you think the people in the railway carriages care for you?—do you think that the gentleman in the worsted wrapper is saying to his neighbor with the striped rug on his comfortable knees, "How grateful we ought to be for that fiery particle which is crackling and hissing under the boiler! It helps us on a fraction of an inch from Vauxhall to Putney!" Not a bit of it. Ten to one but he is saying—"Not sixteen miles an hour! What the deuce is the matter with the stoker!"

Look at our friend Audley Egerton. You have just had a glimpse of the real being that struggles under the huge copper;—you have heard the hollow sound of the rich man's coffers under the tap of Baron Levy's friendly knuckle—heard the strong man's heart give out its dull warning sound to the scientific ear of Dr. F——. And away once more vanishes the separate existence, lost again in the flame that heats the boiler; and the smoke that curls into air from the grimy furnace.

Look to it, O Public Man, whoever thou art, and whatsoever thy degree—see if thou canst not compound matters, so as to keep a little nook apart for thy private life; that is, for *thyself*! Let the great Popkins Question not absorb wholly the individual soul of thee, as Smith or Johnson. Don't so entirely consume thyself under that insatiable boiler, that when thy poor little monad rushes out from the sooty furnace, and arrives at the stars, thou mayest find no vocation for thee there, and feel as if thou hadst nothing to do amidst the still splendors of the Infinite. I don't deny to thee the uses of "Public Life;" I grant that it is much to have helped to carry that great Popkins Question; but Private Life, my friend, is the life of thy private soul; and there may be matters concerned with that which, on consideration, thou mayest allow, cannot be wholly mixed up with the great Popkins Question—and were not finally settled when thou didst exclaim—"I have not lived in vain—the Popkins Question is carried at last!" O immortal soul, for one quarter of an hour per diem—de-Popkinize thine immortality!

CHAPTER II.

It had not been without much persuasion on the part of Jackeymo, that Riccabocca had consented to settle himself in the house which Randal had recommended to him. Not that the exile conceived any suspicion of the young man beyond that which he might have shared with Jackeymo, viz., that Randal's interest in the father was increased by a very natural and excusable admiration of the daughter. But the Italian had the pride common to misfortune—he did not like to be indebted to others, and he shrunk from the pity of those to whom it was known that he had held a higher station in his own land. These scruples gave way to the strength of his affection for his daughter and his dread of his foe. Good men, however able and brave, who have suffered from the wicked, are apt to form exaggerated notions of the power that has prevailed against them. Jackeymo had conceived a superstitious terror of Peschiera; and Riccabocca, though by no means addicted to superstition, still had a certain creep of the flesh whenever he thought of his foe.

But Riccabocca—than whom no man was more physically brave, and no man, in some respects, more morally timid—feared the count less as a foe than as a gallant. He remembered his kinsman's surpassing beauty—the power he had obtained over women. He knew him versed in every art that corrupts, and void of all the conscience that deters. And Riccabocca had unhappily nursed himself into so poor an estimate of the female character, that even the pure and lofty nature of Violante did not seem to him a sufficient safeguard against the craft and determination of a practised and remorseless intriguer. But of all the precautions he could take, none appeared more likely to conduce to safety, than his establishing a friendly communication with one who professed to be able to get at all the count's plans and movements, and who could apprise Riccabocca at once should his retreat be discovered. "Forewarned is forearmed," said he to himself, in one of the proverbs common to all nations. However, as with his usual sagacity he came to reflect upon the alarming intelligence conveyed to him by Randal, viz., that the count sought his daughter's hand, he divined that there was some strong personal interest under such ambition; and what could be that interest save the probability of Riccabocca's ultimate admission to the imperial grace, and the count's desire to assure himself of the heritage to an estate that he might be permitted to retain no more? Riccabocca was not indeed aware of the condition (not according to usual customs in Austria) on which the count held the forfeited domains. He knew not that they had been granted merely on pleasure; but he was too well aware of Peschiera's nature to suppose that he would woo a bride without a dowry, or be moved by remorse in any overture of reconciliation. He felt assured, too—and this increased all his fears—that Peschiera would never venture to seek an interview himself; all the count's designs on Violante would be dark, secret, and clandestine. He was perplexed and tormented by the doubt, whether or not to express openly to Violante his apprehensions of the nature of the danger to be apprehended. He had told her vaguely that it was for her sake that he desired secrecy and concealment. But that might mean anything; what danger to himself would not menace her! Yet to say more was so contrary to a man of his Italian notions and

Machiavellian maxims! To say to a young girl, "There is a man come over to England on purpose to woo and win you. For Heaven's sake take care of him; he is diabolically handsome; he never fails where he sets his heart!"—"Cospetto!" cried the doctor, aloud, as these admonitions shaped themselves to speech in the camera-obscura of his brain; "such a warning would have undone a Cornelia while she was yet an innocent spinster." No, he resolved to say nothing to Violante of the count's intention, only to keep guard, and make himself and Jackeymo all eyes and all ears.

The house Randal had selected pleased Riccabocca at first glance. It stood alone, upon a little eminence; its upper windows commanded the high road. It had been a school, and was surrounded by high walls, which contained a garden and lawn sufficiently large for exercise. The garden doors were thick, fortified by strong bolts, and had a little wicket lattice, shut and opened at pleasure, from which Jackeymo could inspect all visitors before he permitted them to enter.

An old female servant from the neighborhood was cautiously hired; Riccabocca renounced his Italian name, and abjured his origin. He spoke English sufficiently well to think he could pass as an Englishman. He called himself Mr. Richmouth (a liberal translation of Riccabocca.) He bought a blunderbuss, two pair of pistols, and a huge house-dog. Thus provided for, he allowed Jackeymo to write a line to Randal and communicate his arrival.

Randal lost no time in calling. With his usual adaptability and his powers of dissimulation he contrived easily to please Mrs. Riccabocca, and to increase the good opinion the exile was disposed to form of him. He engaged Violante in conversation on Italy and its poets. He promised to buy her books. He began, though more distantly than he could have desired—for her sweet stateliness awed him in spite of himself—the preliminaries of courtship. He established himself at once as a familiar guest, riding down daily in the dusk of evening, after the toils of office, and retiring at night. In four or five days he thought he had made great progress with all. Riccabocca watched him narrowly, and grew absorbed in thought after every visit. At length one night, when he and Mrs. Riccabocca were alone in the drawing-room, Violante having retired to rest, he thus spoke as he filled his pipe:—

"Happy is the man who has no children! Thrice happy he who has no girls!"

"My dear Alphonso!" said the wife, looking up from the wristband to which she was attaching a neat mother-o'-pearl button. She said no more; it was the sharpest rebuke she was in the custom of administering to her husband's cynical and odious observations. Riccabocca lighted his pipe with a thread paper, gave three great puffs, and resumed.

"One blunderbuss, four pistols, and a house-dog called Pompey, who would have made mince-meat of Julius Cæsar!"

"He certainly eats a great deal, does Pompey!" said Mrs. Riccabocca, simply. "But if he relieves your mind!"

"He does not relieve it in the least, ma'am," groaned Riccabocca; "and that is the point I was coming to. This is a most harassing life, and a most undignified life. And I who have only asked from Heaven dignity and repose! But, if Violante were once married, I should want neither blunderbuss, pistol, nor Pompey. And it is that which

would relieve my mind, *cara mia*;—Pompey only relieves my larder!"

Now Riccabocca had been more communicative to Jemima than he had been to Violante. Having once trusted her with one secret, he had every motive to trust her with another; and he had accordingly spoken out his fears of the Count di Peschiera. Therefore she answered, laying down the work, and taking her husband's hand tenderly—

"Indeed, my love, since you dread so much (though I own that I must think unreasonably) this wicked, dangerous man, it would be the happiest thing in the world to see dear Violante well married; because, you see, if she is married to one person, she cannot be married to another; and all fear of this count, as you say, would be at an end."

"You cannot express yourself better. It is a great comfort to unbosom one's-self to a wife, after all!" quoth Riccabocca.

"But," said the wife, after a grateful kiss—"but, where and how can we find a husband suitable to the rank of your daughter?"

"There—there—there," cried Riccabocca, pushing back his chair to the farther end of the room—"that comes of unbosoming one's-self! Out flies one's secret; it is opening the lid of Pandora's box; one is betrayed, ruined, undone!"

"Why, there's not a soul that can hear us!" said Mrs Riccabocca soothingly.

"That's chance, ma'am! If you once contract the habit of blabbing out a secret when nobody's by, how on earth can you resist it when you have the pleasurable excitement of telling it to all the world? Vanity, vanity—woman's vanity! Woman never could withstand rank—never!" The doctor went on railing for a quarter of an hour, and was very reluctantly appeased by Mrs. Riccabocca's repeated and tearful assurances that she would never even whisper to herself that her husband had ever held any other rank than that of doctor. Riccabocca, with a dubious shake of the head, renewed—

"I have done with all pomp and pretension. Besides, the young man is a born gentleman; he seems in good circumstances; he has energy and latent ambition; he is akin to L'Estrange's intimate friend; he seems attached to Violante. I don't think it probable that we could do better. Nay, if Peschiera fears that I shall be restored to my country, and I learn the wherefore, and the ground to take, through this young man—why, gratitude is the first virtue of the noble!"

"You speak, then, of Mr. Leslie?"

"To be sure—of whom else?"

Mrs. Riccabocca leaned her cheek on her hand thoughtfully. "Now you have told me *that*, I will observe him with different eyes."

"*Anima mia*, I don't see how the difference of your eyes will alter the object they look upon!" grumbled Riccabocca, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

"The object alters when we see it in a different point of view!" replied Jemima, modestly. "This thread does very well when I look at it in order to sew on a button, but I should say it would never do to tie up Pompey in his kennel."

"Reasoning by illustration, upon my soul!" ejaculated Riccabocca, amazed.

"And," continued Jemima, "when I am to regard one who is to constitute the happiness of that dear child, and for life, can I regard him as I would the pleasant guest of an evening? Ah, trust me, Alphonso—I don't pretend to be wise like you—but, when a woman considers what a man is

likely to prove to woman—his sincerity—his honor—his heart—oh, trust me, she is wiser than the wisest man!"

Riccabocca continued to gaze on Jemima with unaffected admiration and surprise. And, certainly, to use his phrase, since he had unbosomed himself to his better half—since he had confided in her, consulted with her, her sense had seemed to quicken—her whole mind to expand.

"My dear," said the sage, "I vow and declare that Machiavelli was a fool to you. And I have been as dull as the chair I sit upon, to deny myself so many years the comfort and counsel of such a—but, *corpo di Baccho*! forget all about rank; and so now to bed."

"One must not holla till one's out of the wood," muttered the ungrateful, suspicious villain, as he lighted the chamber candle.

CHAPTER III.

RICCABOCCA could not confine himself to the precincts within the walls to which he condemned Violante. Resuming his spectacles, and wrapped in his cloak, he occasionally sallied forth upon a kind of outwatch or reconnoitring expedition—restricting himself, however, to the immediate neighborhood, and never going quite out of sight of his house. His favorite walk was to the summit of a hillock overgrown with stunted bushwood. Here he would seat himself musingly, often till the hoofs of Randal's horse rang on the winding road, as the sun set, over fading herbage, red and vaporous, in autumnal skies. Just below the hillock, and not two hundred yards from his own house, was the only other habitation in view—a charming, thoroughly English cottage, though somewhat irritated from the Swiss—with gable ends, thatched roof, and pretty projecting eavesments, opening through creepers and climbing roses. From his height he commanded the gardens of this cottage, and his eye of artist was pleased, from the first sight, with the beauty which some exquisite taste had given to the ground. Even in that cheerless season of the year the garden wore a summer smile; the evergreens were so bright and various, and the few flowers, still left, so hardy and so healthful. Facing the south, a colonnade, or covered gallery, of rustic woodwork, had been formed, and creeping plants, lately set, were already beginning to clothe its columns. Opposite to this colonnade there was a fountain which reminded Riccabocca of his own deserted Casino. It was indeed singularly like it; the same circular shape, the same girdle of flowers around it. But the jet from it varied every day—fantastic and multiform, like the sports of a Naiad—sometimes shooting up like a tree, sometimes shaped as a convolvulus, sometimes tossing from its silver spray a flower of vermilion, or a fruit of gold—as if at play with its toy like a happy child. And near the fountain was a large aviary, large enough to enclose a tree. The Italian could just catch a gleam of rich color from the wings of the birds, as they glanced to and fro within the network, and could hear their songs, contrasting the silence of the free populace of air, whom the coming winter had already stilled.

Riccabocca's eye, so alive to all aspects of beauty, luxuriated in the view of this garden. Its pleasantness had a charm that stole him from his anxious fear and melancholy memories.

He never saw but two forms within the demesnes, and he could not distinguish their features. One

was a woman, who seemed to him of staid manner and homely appearance; she was seen but rarely. The other a man, often pacing to and fro the colonnade, with frequent pauses before the playful fountain, or the birds that sang louder as he approached. This latter form would then disappear within a room, the glass door of which was at the extreme end of the colonnade; and if the door were left open, Riccabocca could catch a glimpse of the figure bending over a table covered with books.

Always, however, before the sun set, the man would step forth more briskly, and occupy himself with the garden, often working at it with good heart, as if at a task of delight; and then, too, the woman would come out, and stand by as if talking to her companion. Riccabocca's curiosity grew aroused. He bade Jemima inquire of the old maid-servant who lived at the cottage, and heard that its owner was a Mr. Oran—a quiet gentleman, and fond of his book.

While Riccabocca thus amused himself, Randal had not been prevented, either by his official cares or his schemes on Violante's heart and fortune, from furthering the project that was to unite Frank Hazeldean and Beatrice di Negra. Indeed, as to the first, a ray of hope was sufficient to fire the ardent and unsuspecting lover. And Randal's artful misrepresentation of Mr. Hazeldean's conversation with him, removed all fear of parental displeasure from a mind always too disposed to give itself up to the temptation of the moment. Beatrice, though her feelings for Frank were not those of love, became more and more influenced by Randal's arguments and representations, the more especially as her brother grew morose, and even menacing, as days slipped on, and she could give no clue to the retreat of those whom he sought for. Her debts, too, were really urgent. As Randal's profound knowledge of human infirmity had shrewdly conjectured, the scruples of honor and pride, that had made her declare she would not bring to a husband her own encumbrances, began to yield to the pressure of necessity. She listened already, with but faint objections, when Randal urged her not to wait for the uncertain discovery that was to secure her dowry, but by a private marriage with Frank escape at once into freedom and security. While, though he had first held out to young Hazeldean the inducement of Beatrice's dowry as reason of self-justification in the eyes of the squire, it was still easier to drop that inducement, which had always rather damped than fired the high spirit and generous heart of the poor Guardsman. And Randal could conscientiously say, that when he had asked the squire if he expected fortune with Frank's bride, the squire had replied—"I don't care." Thus encouraged by his friend and his own heart, and the softening manner of a woman who might have charmed many a colder, and fooled many a wiser man, Frank rapidly yielded to the snares held out for his perdition. And though as yet he honestly shrank from proposing to Beatrice or himself a marriage without the consent, and even the knowledge, of his parents, yet Randal was quite content to leave a nature, however good, so thoroughly impulsive, and undisciplined, to the influences of the first strong passion it had ever known. Meanwhile, it was so easy to dissuade Frank from even giving a hint to the folks at home. "For," said the wily and able traitor, "though we may be sure of Mrs. Hazeldean's consent, and her power over your father, when the step is once taken, yet we cannot count for certain on the squire—he is so

choleric and hasty. He might hurry to town—see Madame di Negra, blurt out some passionate, rude expressions, which would wake her resentment, and cause her instant rejection. And it might be too late if he repented afterwards—as he would be sure to do."

Meanwhile Randal Leslie gave a dinner at the Clarendon Hotel, (an extravagance most contrary to his habits,) and invited Frank, Mr. Borrowell, and Baron Levy.

But this house-spider, which glided with so much ease after its flies, through webs so numerous and mazy, had yet to amuse Madame di Negra with assurances that the fugitives sought for would sooner or later be discovered. Though Randal baffled and eluded her suspicion that he was already acquainted with the exiles, ("the persons he had thought of were," he said, "quite different from her description;" and he even presented to her an old singing-master, and a sallow-faced daughter, as the Italians who had caused his mistake,) it was necessary for Beatrice to prove the sincerity of the aid she had promised to her brother, and to introduce Randal to the count. It was no less desirable to Randal to know, and even win the confidence of this man—his rival.

The two met at Madame di Negra's house. There is something very strange, and almost mesmeric, in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men, unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they recognize each other by instant sympathy. The eyes of Franzini, Count of Peschiera, and Randal Leslie no sooner met, than a gleam of intelligence shot from both. They talked on indifferent subjects—weather, gossip, politics—what not. They bowed and they smiled; but, all the while, each was watching, plumbing the other's heart; each measuring his strength with his companion; each inly saying, "This is a very remarkable rascal; am I a match for him?" It was at dinner they met; and, following the English fashion, Madame di Negra left them alone with their wine.

Then, for the first time, Count di Peschiera cautiously and adroitly made a covered push towards the object of the meeting.

"You have never been abroad, my dear sir? You must contrive to visit me at Vienna. I grant the splendor of your London world; but, honestly speaking, it wants the freedom of ours—a freedom which unites gayety with polish. For as your society is mixed, there are pretension and effort with those who have no right to be in it, and artificial condescension and chilling arrogance with those who have to keep their inferiors at a certain distance. With us, all being of fixed rank and acknowledged birth, familiarity is at once established. Hence," added the count, with his French lively smile—"hence there is no place like Vienna for a young man—no place like Vienna for *bonnes fortunes*."

"Those make the paradise of the idle," replied Randal, "but the purgatory of the busy. I confess frankly to you, my dear count, that I have as little of the leisure which becomes the aspirer to *bonnes fortunes* as I have the personal graces which obtain them without an effort;" and he inclined his head as in compliment.

"So," thought the count, "woman is not his weak side. What is it?"

"*Morbleu!* my dear Mr. Leslie—had I thought as you do some years since, I had saved myself from many a trouble. After all Ambition is the best mistress to woo; for with her there is always the hope, and never the possession."

"Ambition, count," replied Randal, still guarding himself in dry sententiousness, "is the luxury of the rich, and the necessity of the poor."

"Aha," thought the count, "it comes, as I anticipated from the first—comes to the bribe." He passed the wine to Randal, filling his own glass, and draining it carelessly; "*Sur mon âme, mon chère,*" said the count, "luxury is ever pleasanter than necessity; and I am resolved at least to give Ambition a trial—*je vais me réfugier dans le sein du bonheur domestique*—a married life and a settled home. *Peste!* If it were not for ambition, one would die of ennui. Apropos, my dear sir, I have to thank you for promising my sister your aid in finding a near and dear kinsman of mine, who has taken refuge in your country, and hides himself even from me."

"I should be most happy to assist in your search. As yet, however, I have only to regret that all my good wishes are fruitless. I should have thought, however, that a man of such rank had been easily found, even through the medium of your own ambassador."

"Our own ambassador is no very warm friend of mine; and the rank would be no clue, for it is clear that my kinsman has never assumed it since he quitted his country."

"He quitted it, I understand, not exactly from choice," said Randal, smiling. "Pardon my freedom and curiosity, but will you explain to me a little more than I learn from English rumor, (which never accurately reports upon foreign matters still more notorious,) how a person who had so much to lose, and so little to win, by revolution, could put himself into the same crazy boat with a crew of hair-brained adventurers and visionary professors."

"Professors!" repeated the count; "I think you have hit on the very answer to your question; not but what men of high birth were as mad as the *canaille*. I am the more willing to gratify your curiosity, since it will perhaps serve to guide your kind search in my favor. You must know, then, that my kinsman was not born the heir to the rank he obtained. He was but a distant relation to the head of the house which he afterwards represented. Brought up in an Italian university, he was distinguished for his learning and his eccentricities. There too, I suppose, brooding over old wives' tales about freedom, and so forth, he contracted his *carbonaro*, chimerical notions for the independence of Italy. Suddenly, by three deaths, he was elevated, while yet young, to a station and honors which might have satisfied any man in his senses. *Que diable!* what could the independence of Italy do for him! He and I were cousins; we had played together as boys; but our lives had been separated till his succession to rank brought us necessarily together. We became exceedingly intimate. And you may judge how I loved him," said the count, averting his eyes slightly from Randal's quiet, watchful gaze, "when I add, that I forgave him for enjoying a heritage that, but for him, had been mine."

"Ah, you were next heir!"

"And it is a hard trial to be very near a great fortune, and yet just to miss it."

"True," cried Randal, almost impetuously. The count now raised his eyes, and again the two men looked into each other's souls.

"Harder, still, perhaps," resumed the count, after a short pause—"harder still it might have been to some men to forgive the rival as well as the heir."

"Rival! How?"

"A lady who had been destined by her parents to myself, though we had never, I own, been formally betrothed, became the wife of my kinsman."

"Did he know of your pretensions?"

"I do him the justice to say he did not. He saw and fell in love with the young lady I speak of. Her parents were dazzled. Her father sent for me. He apologized—he explained; he set before me, mildly enough, certain youthful imprudences or errors of my own, as an excuse for his change of mind; and he asked me not only to resign all hope of his daughter, but to conceal from her new suitor that I had ever ventured to hope."

"And you consented?"

"I consented."

"That was generous. You must, indeed, have been much attached to your kinsman. As a lover I cannot comprehend it; perhaps, my dear count, you may enable me to understand it better—as a man of the world."

"Well," said the count, with his most *roué* air, "I suppose we are both men of the world!"

"Both! certainly," replied Randal, just in the tone which Peachum might have used in courting the confidence of Lockit.

"As a man of the world, then, I own," said the count, playing with the rings on his fingers, "that if I could not marry the lady myself, (and that seemed to me clear,) it was very natural that I should wish to see her married to my wealthy kinsman."

"Very natural; it might bring your wealthy kinsman and yourself still closer together."

"This is really a very clever fellow!" thought the count, but he made no direct reply.

"*Enfin,* to cut short a long story, my cousin afterwards got entangled in attempts, the failure of which is historically known. His projects were detected—himself denounced. He fled, and the emperor, in sequestrating his estates, was pleased, with rare and singular clemency, to permit me, as his nearest kinsman, to enjoy the revenues of half those estates during the royal pleasure; nor was the other half formally confiscated. It was no doubt his majesty's desire not to extinguish a great Italian name; and if my cousin and his child died in exile, why, of that name, I, a loyal subject of Austria—I, Franzini, Count di Peschiera, would become the representative. Such, in a similar case, has been sometimes the Russian policy towards Polish insurgents."

"I comprehend perfectly; and I can also conceive that you, in profiting so largely, though so justly, by the fall of your kinsman, may have been exposed to much unpopularity—even to painful suspicion."

"*Entre nous, mon chère,* I care not a stiver for popularity; and, as to suspicion, who is he that can escape from the calumny of the envious! But, unquestionably, it would be most desirable to unite

the divided members of our house; and this union I can now effect, by the consent of the emperor to my marriage with my kinsman's daughter. You see, therefore, why I have so great an interest in this research?"

"By the marriage articles you could no doubt secure the retention of the half you hold; and if you survive your kinsman, you would enjoy the whole. A most desirable marriage; and, if made, I suppose that would suffice to obtain your cousin's amnesty and grace?"

"You say it."

"But even without such marriage, since the emperor's clemency has been extended to so many of the proscribed, it is perhaps probable that your cousin might be restored?"

"It once seemed to me possible," said the count, reluctantly; "but since I have been in England, I think not. The recent revolution in France, the democratic spirit rising in Europe, tend to throw back the cause of a proscribed rebel. England swarms with revolutionists; my cousin's residence in this country is in itself suspicious. The suspicion is increased by his strange seclusion. There are many Italians here who would aver that they had met with him, and that he was still engaged in revolutionary projects."

"Aver—untruly?"

"*Ma foi*—it comes to the same thing; *les absents ont toujours tort*. I speak to a man of the world. No; without some such guarantee for his faith, as his daughter's marriage with myself would give, his recall is improbable. By the heaven above us, it shall be impossible!" The count rose as he said this—rose as if the mask of simulation had fairly fallen from the visage of crime—rose tall and towering, a very image of masculine power and strength, beside the slight, bended form and sickly face of the intellectual schemer. Randal was startled; but, rising also, he said carelessly—

"What if this guarantee can no longer be given?—what if, in despair of return, and in resignation to his altered fortunes, your cousin has already married his daughter to some English suitor?"

"Ah, that would indeed be, next to my own marriage with her, the most fortunate thing that could happen to myself."

"How? I don't understand!"

"Why, if my cousin has so abjured his birth-right, and forsworn his rank—if this heritage, which is so dangerous from its grandeur, passes, in case of his pardon, to some obscure Englishman—a foreigner—a native of a country that has no ties with ours—a country that is the very refuge of levellers and Carbonari—*mort de ma vie*—do you think that such would not annihilate all chance of my cousin's restoration, and be an excuse even to the eyes of Italy for formally conferring the sequestered estates on an Italian? No; unless, indeed, the girl were to marry an Englishman of such name and birth and connection as would in themselves be a guarantee; (and how in poverty is this likely?) I should go back to Vienna with a light heart if I could say, 'My kinswoman is an Englishman's wife—shall her children be the heirs to a house so renowned for its lineage, and so formidable for its wealth?' *Parbleu!* if my cousin were but an adventurer, or merely a professor, he had been pardoned long ago. The great enjoy the honor not to be pardoned easily."

Randal fell into deep but brief thought. The count observed him, not face to face, but by the

reflection of an opposite mirror. "This man knows something; this man is deliberating; this man can help me," thought the count.

But Randal said nothing to confirm these hypotheses. Recovering from his abstraction, he expressed courteously his satisfaction at the count's prospects, either way. "And since, after all," he added, "you mean so well to your cousin, it occurs to me that you might discover him by a very simple English process."

"How?"

"Advertise that, if he will come to some place appointed, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The count shook his head. "He would suspect me, and not come."

"But he was intimate with you. He joined an insurrection;—you were more prudent. You did not injure him, though you may have benefited yourself. Why should he shun you?"

"The conspirators forgive none who do not conspire; besides, to speak frankly, he thought I injured him."

"Could you not conciliate him through his wife—whom—you resigned to him?"

"She is dead—died before he left the country."

"Oh, that is unlucky! Still I think an advertisement might do good. Allow me to reflect on that subject. Shall we now join Madame la Marquise?"

On reëntering the drawing-room, the gentlemen found Beatrice in full dress, seated by the fire and reading so intently that she did not remark them enter.

"What so interests you, *ma sœur*?—the last novel by Balzac, no doubt?"

Beatrice started, and, looking up, showed eyes that were full of tears. "Oh, no! no picture of miserable, vicious Parisian life. This is beautiful; there is *soul* here."

Randal took up the book which the marchesa laid down; it was the same that had charmed the circle at Hazeldean—charmed the innocent and fresh-hearted—charmed now the wearied and tempted votress of the world.

"Hum," murmured Randal; "the parson was right. This is power—a sort of a power."

"How I should like to know the author! Who can he be—can you guess?"

"Not I. Some old pedant in spectacles."

"I think not—I am sure not. Here beats a heart I have ever sighed to find, and never found."

"Oh, *la naïve enfant!*" cried the count; "*comme son imagination s'égare en rêves enchantés*. And to think that, while you talk like an Arcadian, you are dressed like a princess."

"Ah, I forgot—the Austrian ambassador's. I shall not go to-night. This book unfits me for the artificial world."

"Just as you will, my sister. I shall go. I dislike the man, and he me; but ceremonies before men!"

"You are going to the Austrian Embassy?" said Randal. "I too shall be there. We shall meet." And he took his leave.

"I like your young friend prodigiously," said the count, yawning. "I am sure that he knows of the lost birds, and will stand to them like a pointer, if I can but make it his interest to do so. We shall see."

CHAPTER IV.

RANDAL arrived at the ambassador's before the count, and contrived to mix with the young noble

men attached to the embassy, and to whom he was known. Standing among these was a young Austrian, on his travels, of very high birth, and with an air of noble grace that suited the ideal of the old German chivalry. Randal was presented to him, and, after some talk on general topics, observed, "By the way, prince, there is now in London a countryman of yours, with whom you are doubtless familiarly acquainted—the Count di Peschiera."

"He is no countryman of mine. He is an Italian. I know him but by sight and by name," said the prince, stiffly.

"He is of very ancient birth, I believe."

"Unquestionably. His ancestors were gentlemen."

"And very rich."

"Indeed! I have understood the contrary. He enjoys, it is true, a large revenue."

A young *attaché*, less discreet than the prince, here observed, "Oh, Peschiera!—Poor fellow, he is too fond of play to be rich."

"And there is some chance that the kinsman whose revenue he holds may obtain his pardon, and reënter into possession of his fortunes—so I hear, at least," said Randal, artfully.

"I shall be glad if it be true," said the prince with decision; "and I speak the common sentiment at Vienna. That kinsman had a noble spirit, and was, I believe, equally duped and betrayed. Pardon me, sir; but we Austrians are not so bad as we are painted. Have you ever met in England the kinsman you speak of?"

"Never, though he is supposed to reside here; and the count tells me that he has a daughter."

"The count—ha! I heard something of a scheme—a wager of that—that count's—a daughter. Poor girl! I hope she will escape his pursuit; for, no doubt, he pursues her."

"Possibly she may already have married an Englishman."

"I trust not," said the prince seriously; "that might at present be a serious obstacle to her father's return."

"You think so?"

"There can be no doubt of it," interposed the *attaché* with a grand and positive air; "unless, indeed, the Englishman were of a rank equal to her own."

Here there was a slight, well-bred murmur and buzz at the doors; for the Count di Peschiera himself was announced: and, as he entered, his presence was so striking, and his beauty so dazzling, that whatever there might be to the prejudice of his character, it seemed instantly effaced or forgotten in that irresistible admiration which it is the prerogative of personal attributes alone to create.

The prince, with a slight curve of his lip at the groups that collected round the count, turned to Randal and said, "Can you tell me if a distinguished countryman of yours is in England—Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, prince—he is not. You know him?"

"Well."

"He is acquainted with the count's kinsman; and perhaps from him you have learned to think so highly of that kinsman!"

The prince bowed, and answered as he moved away, "When a man of high honor vouches for another, he commands the belief of all."

"Certainly," soliloquized Randal, "I must not

be precipitate. I was very nearly falling into a terrible trap. If I were to marry the girl, and only, by so doing, settle away her inheritance on Peschiera!—How hard it is to be sufficiently cautious in this world!"

While thus meditating, a member of Parliament tapped him on the shoulder.

"Melancholy, Leslie! I lay a wager I guess your thoughts."

"Guess," answered Randal.

"You were thinking of the place you are so soon to lose."

"Soon to lose!"

"Why, if ministers go out you could hardly keep it, I suppose."

This ominous and horrid member of Parliament, Squire Hazeldean's favorite county member, Sir John, was one of those legislators especially odious to officials—an independent "large-acred" member, who would no more take office himself than he would cut down the oaks in his park, and who had no bowels of human feeling for those who had opposite tastes and less magnificent means.

"Hem!" said Randal, rather surlily. "In the first place, Sir John, ministers are not going out."

"Oh, yes, they will go. You know I vote with them generally, and would willingly keep them in: but they are men of honor and spirit; and if they can't carry their measures they must resign; otherwise, by Jove, I would turn round and vote them out myself!"

"I have no doubt you would, Sir John; you are quite capable of it; that rests with you and your constituents. But even if ministers did go out, I am but a poor subaltern in a public office. I am no minister—why should I go out too?"

"Why! Hang it, Leslie, you are laughing at me. A young fellow like you could never be mean enough to stay in, under the very men who drove out your friend Egerton!"

"It is not usual for those in the public offices to retire with every change of government."

"Certainly not; but always those who are the relations of a retiring minister—always those who have been regarded as politicians, and who mean to enter Parliament, as of course you will do at the next election. But you know that as well as I do—you who are so decided a politician—the writer of that admirable pamphlet! I should not like to tell my friend Hazeldean, who has a sincere interest in you, that you ever doubted on a question of honor as plain as your A, B, C."

"Indeed, Sir John," said Randal, recovering his suavity, while he only breathed a dire anathema on his county member, "I am so new to these things, that what you say never struck me before. No doubt you must be right; at all events I cannot have a better guide and adviser than Mr. Egerton himself."

"No, certainly—perfect gentleman, Egerton! I wish we could make it up with him and Hazeldean."

Randal, (sighing.)—"Ah, I wish we could!"

Sir John.—"And some chance of it now; for the time is coming when all true men of the old school must stick together."

Randal.—"Wisely, admirably said, my dear Sir John. But, pardon me, I must pay my respects to the ambassador."

Randal escaped, and passing on, saw the ambassador himself in the next room, conferring in a corner with Audley Egerton. The ambassador

seemed very grave—Egerton calm and impenetrable, as usual. Presently the count passed by, and the ambassador bowed to him very stiffly.

As Randal, some time later, was searching for his cloak below, Audley Egerton unexpectedly joined him.

"Ah, Leslie," said the minister, with more kindness than usual, "if you don't think the night air too cold for you, let us walk home together. I have sent away the carriage."

This condescension in his patron was so singular that it quite startled Randal, and gave him a presentiment of some evil. When they were in the street, Egerton, after a pause, began—

"My dear Mr. Leslie, it was my hope and belief that I had provided for you at least a competence; and that I might open to you, later, a career yet more brilliant. Hush! I don't doubt your gratitude; let me proceed. There is a possible chance, after certain decisions that the government have come to, that we may be beaten in the House of Commons, and, of course, resign. I tell you this beforehand, for I wish you to have time to consider what, in that case, would be your best course. My power of serving you may then, probably, be over. It would, no doubt, (seeing our close connection, and my views with regard to your future being so well known)—no doubt, be expected that you should give up the place you hold, and follow my fortunes for good or ill. But, as I have no personal enemies with the opposite party—and as I have sufficient position in the world to uphold and sanction your choice, whatever it may be, if you think it more prudent to retain your place, tell me so openly, and I think I can contrive that you may do it without loss of character and credit. In that case, confine your ambition merely to rising gradually in your office, without mixing in politics. If, on the other hand, you should prefer to take your chance of my return to office, and so resign your own, and, furthermore, should commit yourself to a policy that may then be not only in opposition, but unpopular, I will do my best to introduce you into parliamentary life. I cannot say that I advise the latter."

Randal felt as a man feels after a severe fall—he was literally stunned. At length he faltered out—

"Can you think, sir, that I should ever desert your fortunes—your party—your cause?"

"My dear Leslie," replied the minister, "you are too young to have committed yourself to any men or to any party, except, indeed, in that unlucky pamphlet. This must not be an affair of sentiment, but of sense and reflection. Let us say no more on the point now; but, by considering the *pros* and the *cons*, you can better judge what to do, should the time for option suddenly arrive."

"But I hope that time may not come."

"I hope so too, and most sincerely," said the minister, with deliberate and genuine emphasis.

"What could be so bad for the country?" ejaculated Randal. "It does not seem to me possible, in the nature of things, that you and your party should ever go out!"

"And when we are once out, there will be plenty of wiseacres to say it is out of the nature of things that we should ever come in again. Here we are at the door."

CHAPTER V.

RANDAL passed a sleepless night; but, indeed, he was one of those persons who neither need, nor

are accustomed to, much sleep. However, toward morning, when dreams are said to be prophetic, he fell into a most delightful slumber—a slumber peopled by visions fitted to lure on, through labyrinths of law, predestined chancellors, or wreck upon the rocks of glory the inebriate souls of youthful ensigns—dreams from which Rood Hall emerged crowned with the towers of Belvoir or Raby, and looking over subject lands and manors wrested from the nefarious usurpation of Thornhills and Hazeldens—dreams in which Audley Egerton's gold and power—rooms in Downing Street, and saloons in Grosvenor Square—had passed away to the smiling dreamer, as the empire of Chaldaea passed to Darius the Median. Why visions so belying the gloomy and anxious thoughts that preceded them should visit the pillow of Randal Leslie, surpasses my philosophy to conjecture. He yielded, however, passively to their spell, and was startled to hear the clock strike eleven as he descended the stairs to breakfast. He was vexed at the lateness of the hour, for he had meant to have taken advantage of the unwonted softness of Egerton, and drawn therefrom some promises or proffers to cheer the prospects which the minister had so chillingly expanded before him the preceding night. And it was only at breakfast that he usually found the opportunity of private conference with his busy patron. But Audley Egerton would be sure to have sallied forth—and so he had—only Randal was surprised to hear that he had gone out in his carriage, instead of on foot, as was his habit. Randal soon despatched his solitary meal, and, with a new and sudden affection for his office, thitherwards bent his way. As he passed through Piccadilly, he heard behind a voice that had lately become familiar to him, and, turning round, saw Baron Levy walking side by side, though not arm-in-arm, with a gentleman almost as smart as himself, but with a jauntier step and a brisker air—a step that, like Diomed's, as described by Shakespeare—

Rises on the toe;—that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Indeed, one may judge of the spirits and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He who is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon some necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and, even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knot or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions—of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative—the man who is emulous and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring—looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers—but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders; his mouth is a little open—his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative—his port has something of defiance—his form is erect, but without stiffness. Such was the appearance of the baron's companion. And as Randal turned round at Levy's voice, the baron said to his companion, "A young man in the first circles—you should book him for your fair lady's parties. How d'ye do, Mr. Leslie! Let me introduce you to Mr. Richard Avenel." Then, as he hooked his arm into Randal's, he whispered,

"Man of first-rate talent—monstrous rich—has two or three parliamentary seats in his pocket—wife gives parties—her foible."

"Proud to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Avenel, lifting his hat. "Fine day."

"Rather cold, too," said Leslie, who, like all thin persons, with weak digestions, was chilly by temperament; besides, he had enough on his mind to chill his body.

"So much the healthier—braces the nerves," said Mr. Avenel; "but you young fellows relax the system by hot rooms and late hours. Fond of dancing, of course, sir?" Then, without waiting for Randal's negative, Mr. Richard continued rapidly, "Mrs. Avenel has a *soirée dansante* on Thursday—shall be very happy to see you in Eaton Square. Stop, I have a card;" and he drew out a dozen large invitation cards, from which he selected one and presented it to Randal. The baron pressed that young gentleman's arm, and Randal replied courteously that it would give him great pleasure to be introduced to Mrs. Avenel. Then, as he was not desirous to be seen under the wing of Baron Levy, like a pigeon under that of a hawk, he gently extricated himself, and, pleading great haste, walked quickly on towards his office.

"That young man will make a figure some day," said the baron. "I don't know any one of his age with so few prejudices. He is a connexion by marriage to Audley Egerton, who"—

"Audley Egerton!" exclaimed Mr. Avenel; "d—d haughty, aristocratic, disagreeable, ungrateful fellow!"

"Why, what do you know of him?"

"He owed his first seat in Parliament to the vote of two near relations of mine, and when I called upon him some time ago, in his office, he absolutely ordered me out of the room. Hang his impertinence; if ever I can pay him off, I guess I shan't fail for want of good will!"

"Ordered you out of the room? That 's not like Egerton, who is civil, if formal—at least to most men. You must have offended him in his weak point."

"A man whom the public pays so handsomely should have no weak point. What is Egerton's?"

"Oh, he values himself on being a thorough gentleman—a man of the nicest honor," said Levy with a sneer. "You must have ruffled his plumes there. How was it?"

"I forget now," answered Mr. Avenel, who was far too well versed in the London scale of human dignities since his marriage, not to look back with a blush at his desire of knighthood. "No use bothering our heads now about the plumes of an arrogant popinjay. To return to the subject we were discussing. You must be sure to let me have this money next week."

"Rely on it."

"And you 'll not let my bills get into the market; keep them under lock and key."

"So we agreed."

"It is but a temporary difficulty—royal mourning, such nonsense—panic in trade, lest these precious ministers go out. I shall soon float over the troubled waters."

"By the help of a paper boat," said the baron, laughing; and the two gentlemen shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE Audley Egerton's carriage had deposited him at the door of Lord Lansmere's house

at Knightsbridge. He asked for the countess, and was shown into the drawing-room, which was deserted. Egerton was paler than usual; and as the door opened, he wiped the unwonted moisture from his forehead, and there was a quiver in his firm lip. The countess too, on entering, showed an emotion almost equally unusual to her self-control. She pressed Audley's hand in silence, and, seating herself by his side, seemed to collect her thoughts. At length she said—

"It is rarely indeed that we meet, Mr. Egerton, in spite of your intimacy with Lansmere and Harley. I go so little into your world, and you will not voluntarily come to me."

"Madam," replied Egerton, "I might evade your kind reproach by stating that my hours are not at my disposal; but I answer you with plain truth—it must be painful to both of us to meet."

The countess colored and sighed, but did not dispute the assertion.

Audley resumed. "And, therefore, I presume that on sending for me, you have something of moment to communicate."

"It relates to Harley," said the countess, as if in apology; "and I would take your advice."

"To Harley! speak on, I beseech you."

"My son has probably told you that he has educated and reared a young girl, with the intention to make her Lady L'Estrange, and hereafter countess of Lansmere."

"Harley has no secrets from me," said Egerton, mournfully.

"This young lady has arrived in England—is here—in this house."

"And Harley too?"

"No, she came over with Lady N—and her daughters. Harley was to follow shortly, and I expect him daily. Here is his letter. Observe, he has never yet communicated his intentions to this young person, now intrusted to my care—never spoken to her as the lover."

Egerton took the letter and read it rapidly, though with attention.

"True," said he, as he returned the letter; "and before he does so, he wishes you to see Miss Digby and to judge of her yourself—wishes to know if you will approve and sanction his choice."

"It is on this that I would consult you—a girl without rank—the father, it is true, a gentleman, though almost equivocally one—but the mother, I know not what. And Harley, for whom I hoped an alliance with the first houses in England!" The countess pressed her hands convulsively together.

Egerton.—"He is no more a boy. His talents have been wasted—his life a wanderer's. He presents to you a chance of re-settling his mind, of re-arranging his native powers, of a home beside your own. Lady Lansmere, you cannot hesitate."

Lady Lansmere.—"I do! I do! After all that I have hoped, after all that I did to prevent!"

Egerton, (interrupting her).—"You owe him now an atonement; that is in your power—it is not in mine."

The countess again pressed Audley's hand, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

"It shall be so. I consent—I consent. I will silence, I will crush back this proud heart. Alas! it well-nigh broke his own! I am glad you speak thus. I like to think he owes my consent to you. In that there is atonement for both—both."

"You are too generous, madam," said Egerton, evidently moved, though still, as ever, striving to

repress emotion. "And now may I see the young lady? This conference pains me; you see even my strong nerves quiver; and at this time I have much to go through—need of all my strength and firmness."

"I hear, indeed, that the government will probably retire. But it is with honor; it will be soon called back by the voice of the nation."

"Let me see the future wife of Harley L'Estrange," said Egerton, without heed of this consolatory exclamation.

The countess rose and left the room. In a few minutes she returned with Helen Digby.

Helen was wondrously improved from the pale, delicate child, with the soft smile and intelligent eyes, who had sat by the side of Leonard in his garret. She was about the middle height, still slight, but beautifully formed; that exquisite roundness of proportion, which conveys so well the idea of woman, in its undulating pliant grace—formed to embellish life, and soften away its rude angles—formed to embellish, not to protect. Her face might not have satisfied the critical eye of an artist—it was not without defects in regularity; but its expression was eminently gentle and prepossessing; and there were few who would not have exclaimed, "What a lovely countenance!" The mildness of her brow was touched with melancholy—her childhood had left its traces on her youth. Her step was slow, and her manner shy, subdued, and timid.

Audley gazed on her with earnestness as she approached him; and then coming forward, took her hand and kissed it.

"I am your guardian's constant friend," said he; and he drew her gently to a seat beside him, in the recess of a window. With a quick glance of his eye towards the countess, she seemed to imply the wish to converse with Helen somewhat apart. So the countess interpreted the glance; and though she remained in the room, she seated herself at a distance, and bent over a book.

It was touching to see how the austere man of business lent himself to draw forth the mind of this quiet, shrinking girl; and if you had listened, you would have comprehended how he came to possess such social influence, how well, some time or other in the course of his life, he had learned to adapt himself to women.

He spoke first of Harley L'Estrange—spoke with tact and delicacy. Helen at first answered by monosyllables, and then, by degrees, with grateful and open affection. Audley's brow grew shaded. He then spoke of Italy; and though no man had less of the poet in his nature, yet with the dexterity of one long versed in the world, and who has been accustomed to extract evidences from characters most opposed to his own, he suggested such topics as might serve to arouse poetry in others. Helen's replies betrayed a cultivated taste, and a charming womanly mind; but they betrayed also one accustomed to take its colorings from another's—to appreciate, admire, reverse the lofty and the beautiful, but humbly and meekly. There was no vivid enthusiasm, no remark of striking originality, no flash of the self-kindling, creative faculty. Lastly, Egerton turned to England—to the critical nature of the times—to the claims which the country possessed upon all who had the ability to serve and guide its troubled destinies. He enlarged warmly on Harley's natural talents, and rejoiced that he had returned to England, perhaps to commence some great career. Helen looked surprised, but her face caught no correspondent glow from

Audley's eloquence. He rose, and an expression of disappointment passed over his grave handsome features, and as quickly vanished.

"Adieu! my dear Miss Digby; I fear I have wearied you, especially with my politics. Adieu, Lady Lansmere; no doubt I shall see Harley as soon as he returns."

Then he hastened from the room, gained his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Downing Street. He drew down the blinds, and leant back. A certain languor became visible in his face, and once or twice he mechanically put his hand to his heart.

"She is good, amiable, docile—will make an excellent wife, no doubt," said he murmuringly. "But does she love Harley as he has dreamed of love? No! Has she the power and energy to arouse his faculties, and restore to the world the Harley of old? No! Meant by Heaven to be the shadow of another's sun—not herself the sun—this child is not the one who can atone for the Past and illumine the Future."

CHAPTER VII.

THAT evening Harley L'Estrange arrived at his father's house. The few years that had passed since we saw him last, had made no perceptible change in his appearance. He still preserved his elastic youthfulness of form, and singular variety and play of countenance. He seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to greet his parents, and had something of the gayety and the tenderness of a boy returned from school. His manner to Helen bespoke the chivalry that pervaded all the complexities and curves of his character. It was affectionate, but respectful. Hers to him, subdued—but innocently sweet and gently cordial. Harley was the chief talker. The aspect of the times was so critical, that he could not avoid questions on politics; and, indeed, he showed an interest in them which he had never evinced before. Lord Lansmere was delighted.

"Why, Harley, you love your country, after all!"

"The moment she seems in danger—yes!" replied the patrician; and the Sybarite seemed to rise into the Athenian.

Then he asked with eagerness about his old friend Audley; and, his curiosity satisfied there, he inquired the last literary news. He had heard much of a book lately published. He named the one ascribed by Parson Dale to Professor Moss; none of his listeners had read it.

Harley pished at this, and accused them all of indolence and stupidity, in his own quaint, metaphorical style. Then he said—"And town gossip!"

"We never hear it," said Lady Lansmere.

"There is a new plough much talked of at Boodle's," said Lord Lansmere.

"God speed it. But is not there a new man much talked of at White's?"

"I don't belong to White's."

"Nevertheless, you may have heard of him—a foreigner, a Count di Peschiera."

"Yes," said Lord Lansmere; "he was pointed out to me in the park—a handsome man for a foreigner; wears his hair properly cut: looks gentlemanlike and English."

"Ah, ah! He is here, then!" And Harley rubbed his hands.

"Which road did you take? did you pass the Simpton?"

"No; I came straight from Vienna."

Then, relating with lively vein his adventures

by the way, he continued to delight Lord Lansmere by his gayety till the time came to retire to rest. As soon as Harley was in his own room, his mother joined him.

"Well," said he, "I need not ask if you like Miss Digby? Who would not?"

"Harley, my own son," said the mother bursting into tears, "be happy your own way; only be happy, that is all I ask."

Harley, much affected, replied gratefully and soothingly to this fond injunction. And then gradually leading his mother on to converse of Helen, asked abruptly—"And of the chances of our happiness—her happiness as well as mine—what is your opinion? Speak frankly."

"Of *her* happiness, there can be no doubt," replied the mother proudly. "Of yours, how can you ask me? Have you not decided on that yourself?"

"But still it cheers and encourages one in any experiment, however well considered, to hear the approval of another. Helen has certainly a most gentle temper."

"I should conjecture so. But her mind—"

"Is very well stored."

"She speaks so little—"

"Yes. I wonder why? She's surely a woman!"

"Pshaw," said the countess, smiling in spite of herself. "But tell me more of the process of your experiment. You took her as a child, and resolved to train her according to your own ideal. Was that easy?"

"It seemed so. I desired to instil habits of truth—she was already by nature truthful as the day; a taste for nature and all things natural—that seemed inborn; perceptions of art as the interpreter of nature—those were more difficult to teach. I think they may come. You have heard her play and sing?"

"No."

"She will surprise you. She has less talent for drawing; still, all that teaching could do has been done—in a word, she is accomplished. Temper, heart, mind—these all are excellent." Harley stopped, and suppressed a sigh. "Certainly, I ought to be very happy," said he; and he began to wind up his watch.

"Of course she must love you?" said the countess, after a pause. "How could she fail?"

"Love me! My dear mother, that is the very question I shall have to ask."

"Ask! Love is discovered by a glance; it has no need of asking."

"I have never discovered it, then, I assure you. The fact is, that before her childhood was passed, I removed her, as you may suppose, from my roof. She resided with an Italian family, near my usual abode. I visited her often, directed her studies, watched her improvement—"

"And fell in love with her?"

"Fall is such a very violent word. No; I don't remember to have had a fall. It was all a smooth inclined plane from the first step, until at last I said to myself, 'Harley L'Estrange, thy time has come. The bud has blossomed into flower. Take it to thy breast.' And myself replied to myself meekly, 'So be it.' Then I found that Lady N—, with her daughters, was coming to England. I asked her ladyship to take my ward to your house. I wrote to you, and prayed your assent; and, that granted, I knew you would obtain my father's. I am here—you give me the approval I sought for.

I will speak to Helen to-morrow. Perhaps, after all, she may reject me."

"Strange, strange—you speak thus coldly, thus lightly; you so capable of ardent love!"

"Mother," said Harley, earnestly, "be satisfied! I am! Love, as of old, I feel, alas! too well, can visit me never more. But gentle companionship, tender friendship, the relief and the sunlight of woman's smile—hereafter the voices of children—music that, striking on the hearts of both parents, wakens the most lasting and the purest of all sympathies; these are my hope. Is the hope so mean, my fond mother?"

Again the countess wept, and her tears were not dried when she left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

Oh! Helen, fair Helen—type of the quiet, serene, unnoticed, deep-felt excellence of woman! Woman, less as the ideal that a poet conjures from the air, than as the companion of a poet on the earth! Woman who, with her clear, sunny vision of things actual, and the exquisite fibre of her delicate sense, supplies the deficiencies of him whose foot stumbles on the soil, because his eye is too intent upon the stars! Woman, the provident, the comforting—angel whose pinions are folded round the heart, guarding there a divine spring unmarred by the winter of the world! Helen, soft Helen, is it indeed in thee that the wild and brilliant "lord of wantonness and ease" is to find the regeneration of his life—the rebaptism of his soul? Of what avail thy meek, prudent household virtues to one whom fortune screens from rough trial?—whose sorrows lie remote from thy ken?—whose spirit, erratic and perturbed, now rising, now falling, needs a vision more subtle than thine to pursue, and a strength that can sustain the reason, when it droops, on the wings of enthusiasm and passion!

And thou thyself, O Nature, shrinking and humble, that needest to be courted forth from the shelter, and developed under the calm and genial atmosphere of holy, happy love—can such affection as Harley L'Estrange may proffer suffice to thee? Will not the blossoms, yet folded in the petal, wither away beneath the shade that may protect them from the storm, and yet shut them from the sun! Thou who, where thou givest love, seekest, though meekly, for love in return;—to be the soul's sweet necessity, the life's household partner to him who receives all thy faith and devotion—canst thou influence the sources of joy and of sorrow in the heart that does not heave at thy name! Hast thou the charm and the force of the moon, that the tides of that wayward sea shall ebb and flow at thy will? Yet who shall say—who conjecture how near two hearts can become, when no guilt lies between them, and time brings the ties all its own! Rarest of all things on earth is the union in which both, by their contrasts, make harmonious their blending, each supplying the defects of the helpmate, and completing, by fusion, one strong human soul! Happiness enough, where even peace does but seldom preside, when each can bring to the altar, if not the flame, still the incense. Where man's thoughts are all noble and generous, woman's feelings all gentle and pure, love may follow, if it does not precede;—and if not—if the roses be missed from the garland, one may sigh for the rose, but one is safe from the thorn.

The morning was mild, yet somewhat overcast

by the mists which announce coming winter in London, and Helen walked musingly beneath the trees that surrounded the garden of Lord Lansmere's house. Many leaves were yet left on the boughs; but they were sere and withered. And the birds chirped at times; but their note was mournful and complaining. All within this house, until Harley's arrival, had been strange and saddening to Helen's timid and subdued spirits. Lady Lansmere had received her kindly, but with a certain restraint; and the loftiness of manner, common to the countess with all but Harley, had awed and chilled the diffident orphan. Lady Lansmere's very interest in Harley's choice—her attempts to draw Helen out of her reserve—her watchful eyes whenever Helen shyly spoke, or shyly moved, frightened the poor child, and made her unjust to herself.

The very servants, though staid, grave, and respectful, as suited a dignified, old-fashioned household, painfully contrasted the bright welcoming smiles and free talk of Italian domestics. Her recollections of the happy, warm, continental manner, which so sets the bashful at their ease, made the stately and cold precision of all around her doubly awful and dispiriting. Lord Lansmere himself, who did not as yet know the views of Harley, and little dreamed that he was to anticipate a daughter-in-law in the ward whom he understood Harley, in a freak of generous romance, had adopted, was familiar and courteous, as became a host. But he looked upon Helen as a mere child, and naturally left her to the countess. The dim sense of her equivocal position—of her comparative humbleness of birth and fortunes, oppressed and pained her, and even her gratitude to Harley was made burthensome by a sentiment of helplessness. The grateful long to requite. And what could she ever do for him?

Thus musing, she wandered alone through the curving walks; and this sort of mock country landscape—London loud, and even visible, beyond the high gloomy walls, and no escape from the windows of the square formal house—seemed a type of the prison bounds of rank to one whose soul yearns for simple, loving nature.

Helen's reverie was interrupted by Nero's joyous bark. He had caught sight of her, and came bounding up, and thrust his large head into her hand. As she stooped to caress the dog, happy at his honest greeting, and tears that had been long gathering to the lids fell silently on his face, (for I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us,) she heard behind the musical voice of Harley. Hastily she dried or repressed her tears, as her guardian came up, and drew her arm within his own.

"I had so little of your conversation last evening, my dear ward, that I may well monopolize you now, even to the privation of Nero. And so you are once more in your native land!"

Helen sighed softly.

"May I not hope that you return under fairer auspices than those which your childhood knew?"

Helen turned her eyes with ingenuous thankfulness to her guardian, and the memory of all she owed to him rushed upon her heart.

Harley renewed, and with earnest, though melancholy sweetness—"Helen, your eyes thank me; but hear me before your words do. I deserve no thanks. I am about to make to you a strange confession of egotism and selfishness."

"You!—oh, impossible!"

"Judge yourself, and then decide which of us shall have cause to be grateful. Helen, when I was scarcely your age—a boy in years, but more, methinks, a man at heart, with man's strong energies and sublime aspirations, than I have ever since been—I loved, and deeply—"

He paused a moment, in evident struggle. Helen listened in mute surprise, but his emotion awakened her own; her tender woman's heart yearned to console. Unconsciously her arm rested on his less lightly.

"Deeply, and for sorrow. It is a long tale, that may be told hereafter. The worldly would call my love a madness. I did not reason on it then—I cannot reason on it now. Enough; death smote suddenly, terribly, and to me mysteriously, her whom I loved. The love lived on. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I had quick distraction, not to grief, but to its inert indulgence. I was a soldier; I joined our armies. Men called me brave. Flattery! I was a coward before the thought of life. I sought death; like sleep, it does not come at our call. Peace ensued. As when the winds fall the sails droop—so when excitement ceased, all seemed to me flat and objectless. Heavy, heavy was my heart. Perhaps grief had been less obstinate, but that I feared I had cause for self-reproach. Since then I have been a wanderer—a self-made exile. My boyhood had been ambitious—all ambition ceased. Flames, when they reach the core of the heart, spread, and leave all in ashes. Let me be brief; I did not mean thus weakly to complain—I to whom Heaven has given so many blessings! I felt, as it were, separated from the common objects and joys of men. I grew startled to see how, year by year, wayward humors possessed me. I resolved again to attach myself to some living heart—it was my sole chance to rekindle my own. But the one I had loved remained as my type of woman, and she was different from all I saw. Therefore I said to myself, 'I will rear from childhood some young, fresh life, to grow up into my ideal.' As this thought began to haunt me, I chanced to discover you. Struck with the romance of your early life, touched by your courage, charmed by your affectionate nature, I said to myself, 'Here is what I seek.' Helen, in assuming the guardianship of your life, in all the culture which I have sought to bestow on your docile childhood, I repeat, that I have been but the ego-tist. And now, when you have reached that age when it becomes me to speak and you to listen—now, when you are under the sacred roof of my own mother—now I ask you, can you accept this heart, such as wasted years, and griefs too fondly nursed, have left it? Can you be, at least, my comforter? Can you aid me to regard life as a duty, and recover those aspirations which once soared from the paltry and miserable confines of our frivolous daily being? Helen, here I ask you, can you be all this, and under the name of—Wife?"

It would be vain to describe the rapid, varying, indefinable emotions that passed through the inexperienced heart of the youthful listener as Harley thus spoke. He so moved all the springs of amazement, compassion, tender respect, sympathy, childlike gratitude, that when he paused and gently took her hand, she remained bewildered, speechless, overpowered. Harley smiled as he gazed upon her blushing, downcast, expressive face. He conjectured at once that the idea of such proposals had

never crossed her mind; that she had never contemplated him in the character of wooer; never even sounded her heart as to the nature of such feelings as his image had aroused.

"My Helen," he resumed, with a calm pathos of voice, "there is some disparity of years between us, and perhaps I may not hope henceforth for that love which youth gives to the young. Permit me simply to ask, what you will frankly answer—Can you have seen in our quiet life abroad, or under the roof of your Italian friends, any one you prefer to me?"

"No, indeed, no!" murmured Helen. "How could I!—who is like you!" Then, with a sudden effort—for her innate truthfulness took alarm, and her very affection for Harley, childlike and reverent, made her tremble lest she should deceive him—she drew a little aside, and spoke thus:—

"Oh, my dear guardian, noblest of all human

beings, at least in my eyes, forgive, forgive me if I seem ungrateful, hesitating; but I cannot, cannot think of myself as worthy of you. I never so lifted my eyes. Your rank, your position—"

"Why should they be eternally my curse? Forget them, and go on."

"It is not only they," said Helen, almost sobbing, "though they are much; but I your type, your ideal!—I!—impossible! Oh, how can I ever be anything even of use, of aid, of comfort to one like you!"

"You can, Helen—you can," cried Harley, charmed by such ingenuous modesty. "May I not keep this hand!"

And Helen left her hand in Harley's and turned away her face, fairly weeping. A stately step passed under the wintry trees.

"My mother," said Harley L'Estrange, looking up, "I present to you my future wife."

IMPROVEMENT IN THE APPLICATION OF THE SCREW PROPELLER.

THE London Morning Chronicle notices an improvement in the application of the *Screw Propeller* as an auxiliary power to sailing vessels, which is represented as likely to lead to its introduction on a far more extensive scale than heretofore. This improvement has been patented by Mr. Wimshurst, a ship-builder in London, and its advantages consist in its moderate cost, and its admitting of being shipped or unshipped in a few minutes. For the purpose of extending the advantages of Mr. Wimshurst's invention, a company is to be formed for building by contract, and chartering vessels fitted under this patent, and for granting licenses for the use of it. A vessel is now on the stocks, built for "the Butterly Company," which is to be fitted by Mr. Wimshurst with an engine constructed on this principle, as a test of the advantages of the invention, and is to be ready for sea in two months. The article from which we derive this information has the following remarks on the general extension of steam navigation:—

"We are induced to notice this invention and its application the more especially as it is a step towards the accomplishment of what we believe all men of experience now consider certain, namely, the general adoption of auxiliary steam power by sailing vessels employed in our foreign and colonial trades—a change, the importance of which has never been sufficiently contemplated or appreciated, whether as considered in relation to the competition in ocean navigation now commencing with our transatlantic rivals, or as affording the opportunity for an increased development of the great national advantages which we possess in our iron works and the skill of our mechanics; advantages which we have long placed at the service of other nations, without sufficient consideration as to how far they could be profitably employed at home. A wide field is now opened, and will continue to be opened in the Eastern, the Pacific, and the Atlantic trades, for increased steam navigation, and it remains with the capitalists of this country to decide whether it shall be occupied by British enterprise, or left to our American rivals, who will not allow such opportunities for the extension of their commerce to remain long unoccupied. In connection with this subject, we are glad to be informed that the question of steam communication with our Australian colonies by means of screw steamers is now occupying the attention of several leading capitalists in Manchester and Liverpool, who, feeling convinced that the transportation of merchandise and emigrants to those colonies would be amply remunerative, are disposed to open the trade by suitable vessels, irrespective of any dependence upon a government mail con-

tract—a system which they are all desirous of seeing abolished, and the conveyance of mails thrown open to competition."

EFFECTS OF EDUCATION ON THE ROBIN.—The most remarkable instance I ever remember to have met with of a young pupil not only imitating, but far surpassing, his tutor, was about nine years ago, in Jermyn Street, Haymarket. At that period I revelled in the undisturbed enjoyment of a large aviary, numbering no fewer than three hundred and sixty-six inhabitants, all first-rate songsters; and my fame as an amateur had spread widely. Among the multitude of my visitors was a gentleman, who informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I took the address, and went at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house referred to, and on presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two cages—nightingale cages—suspended on the wall. One of them, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; the other had a green curtain drawn down over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain before alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from his master, broke out in a succession of strains that I never heard surpassed by any nightingale. They were indeed surprisingly eloquent. "What a nightingale!" ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect abandon to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him, caused me to involuntarily exclaim with Coleridge:

— That strain again!
Full fall it would delay me.

And so it did. I stood riveted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual, I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was granted; the curtain was raised, and I saw before me—a robin! This bird had been brought up under the nightingale from his very earliest infancy, and not only equalled, but very far surpassed his master in song. Indeed, he put him down and silenced him altogether. This identical bird, I should add, was sold a few weeks afterwards for nine guineas; he was worth the money. In this case the robin retained no one single note of his own whereby the finest ear could detect him: and this paves the way to still more singular discoveries hereafter.—*William Kidd in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

From the Spectator.

MRS. BRAY'S LIFE OF STOTHARD.*

It was often remarked during the lifetime of Mr. Stothard, and the observation has been repeated since his death, that it was a national reflection or misfortune for such a man to have been allowed to fritter away his days in designs for booksellers and silver-plate-manufacturers, instead of being enabled to devote his time to historical or imaginative painting. The fact implied in the regret is true enough. For nearly sixty years—from his first connexion as a designer with Harrison's *Novelist's Magazine*, circa 1775, till his death in 1834—Stothard's most constant patrons were tradesmen, for purposes of trade. Of the ten thousand designs which are estimated to have come from his pencil, the greater part were, so to speak, made to order. But though applying his art to trade, he never worked in a trading spirit. Producing so much, he of necessity fell into that self-repetition which is called mannerism; irregularly self-trained in art, he was not perhaps well-grounded in its fundamentals or the cognate sciences requisite to the painter; slenderly educated in literature, he wanted learning to invent appropriately, either in allegorical design or the higher branches of historical painting; embarking early in the business of illustration, he had hardly leisure for that studious thought which is necessary to engraft the individual character on the universal type, if, indeed, he was altogether fitted by nature to reach that high quality of art: perhaps, too, there was another deficiency—a want of strength in conception and execution, and of sustained energy to continue with unflinching spirit at a long and laborious undertaking. But such illustrations as Stothard continually put forth for more than half a century had never been seen before. If there was not always appropriate allegory, there was always grace and spirit; in such myriads of designs, the wonder is, not that there was mannerism, but that there was such infinite variety of form and such facility of treatment.

If there is predestination in faith and morals, there is no reason why it should not prevail in life and art; though this still throws back the argument to the origin of the assemblage of qualities—the idiosyncrasy which of necessity pursues a certain course. But, taking fate as an established fact, we are inclined to think that Stothard was predestined *not* to be a great historical painter, although he had some of the necessary qualities. He had invention; his story was always clearly told, generally with effect, sometimes with felicity; but his forms and characters were conventional rather than natural. From the want of learning we have alluded to, he could not rise to the canon

Intererit multum, Davuene loquatur, an heros,

Colohus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis;

his distant peoples ever had a home look, as if they were academy figures in costume; strength, too, was ever wanting; and though grace was ever present, it was generally a grace without distinctiveness, and, if not too common, too Stothardlike. On his greater subjects, and as he advanced in life, he put more individuality into his persons, though they wanted national or remote character, as the

case might be. Strength and energy, we think, were unattainable by him from the nature of his mind.

It has been customary to ascribe Stothard's incessant but slight industry to the pressure of circumstances. A growing family, no doubt, compelled him to look about him, and gain money in any honorable way; but men with a mission have devoted themselves to lofty objects on less means than Stothard possessed: for his father, who died early, left him "twelve hundred pounds" in the Funds; the interest of which could and in fact did support him seventy years ago. Yet Stothard did not care for money; but he seemed to require some external impulse to set him to work. He wanted "an order." His chef d'œuvre, the *Pilgrimage to Canterbury*, was suggested by Crome, an engraver; though the design was wholly Stothard's.

This only applies to the labor of composition. In collecting materials he was indefatigable; but he seems to have directed his attention much less to man than to the inferior parts of creation. "The human form divine" he was mostly content to study in the antique, or in Raphael: he went to nature for animals, plants, and color. Mrs. Bray has preserved some interesting memorials of his industry and observation; to which, undoubtedly, his fertility and humbler grace are to be ascribed.

Few things in nature were considered below the attention of his most observant mind. If he wanted to make himself acquainted with any natural object, he always drew it. If any of his children asked him a question relating to a bird or an animal, he instantly took up the pencil and sketched it, by way of illustrating the explanation he gave in reply. And as to himself, in order more fully to understand what might be required if he had occasion to introduce an animal in a picture, he would often draw even the skeleton of it. One, of the entire elephant, where every bone is most carefully distinguished, is still in the possession of his son Alfred; it is in pen and ink. Several of his fine studies from living creatures, such as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, &c., are to be found in the collections of the admirers of his works. In sketching animals, he was as remarkable for observing the grace of form and action as in drawing the human figure.

He was beginning to paint the figure of a reclining sylph, when a difficulty arose in his own mind, how best to represent such a being of fancy. A friend who was present said, "Give the sylph a butterfly's wing, and there you have it." "That I will," exclaimed Stothard; "and to be correct, I will paint the wing from the butterfly itself." He immediately sallied forth, extended his walk to the fields some miles distant, and caught one of those beautiful insects: it was of the class called the peacock. Our artist brought it carefully home, and commenced sketching it, but not in the painting-room; and leaving it on the table, a servant (I know not if it were the Irish damsel) swept the pretty little creature away, before its portrait was finished. On learning his loss, away went Stothard once more to the fields to seek another butterfly. But at this time one of the tortoise-shell tribe crossed his path, and was secured. He was astonished at the combination of color that presented itself to him in this small, but exquisite work of the Creator; and from that moment determined to enter on a new and delightful field—the study of the insect department of natural history. He became a hunter of butterflies; the more he caught, the greater beauty did he trace in their infinite variety; and he would often say, that no one knew what he owed to these insects—they had taught him the finest combinations in that difficult branch of art, coloring.

Not, however, in butterflies only, but in everything

* The Life of Thomas Stothard, R. A. With Personal Reminiscences. By Mrs. Bray, Author of "Memoirs of Charles A. Stothard, F. S. A.," &c. &c. With numerous Illustrations from his Works. Published by Murray.

Stothard was an indefatigable student of nature. He went nowhere without a sketch-book, and nothing struck his eye or his fancy but it was transferred to it: he recommended this practice to others, with the injunction, never to alter anything when absent from the object drawn: he said that, unless this rule was observed, all the spirit of the sketch would be lost. In his walks to Iver, (about eighteen miles from London,) whither he often went, accompanied by his son Alfred, to visit his aged aunt, Mrs. Hales, after they had passed Acton, he would say, "Now let us leave the high road, and away to the fields and the hedges; we shall find there some beautiful plants, well worth seeking." No sooner had they done so, than the sketch-book and color-box were brought forth from his pocket; and many a wild plant, with its delicate formation of leaf and flower, was carefully copied on the spot. This was done with a fine pen filled with the tints required; the springing of the tendrils from the stem, and every elegant bend and turn of the leaves, or the drooping of a bell, was observed and depicted with the utmost beauty.

The written style of Stothard was diffuse and devoid of strength; a trait not chargeable upon the deficiency of early education, since he was all his life a great reader, and many men with less literature than he had write with force when they do write. He had thought about his profession as a science, as well as practised it as an art: some of his observations are worth preserving. In a letter to a friend who was pursuing painting as an amusement, he propounds a general critical truth: "One thing I advise, which comprehends everything—let your objects be few, and well discriminated." His opinions on beauty were his own, and rather contrary, we believe, to those of the herd of artists.

"I see more beauty," would he say, "in faces that are looked upon by others as having no claim to it, than most persons would suspect." Stothard considered that the highest order of beauty in a human face is derived solely from its expression. Plato said that the emotions produced by beauty on the mind arose from a remembrance of supreme perfection. He probably said this in connexion with the spirit or soul, because it is that which animates the countenance. Regular features and beauty of complexion will not alone awaken interest; there must be something more. The mind must give that action to the countenance which we call *expression*: yet mere beauty to please the eye, without interesting the feelings, is common enough. On being asked in what he considered the more common order of beauty to consist, he replied, "In youth and health: where those are found, unless there is a great perversity of nature to render the features really disagreeable, there can hardly be other than some claims to beauty; for there is a great deal of grace in nature." "I see it," he would say, "in everything." * * *

As I once conversed with Stothard about certain celebrated beauties, he said, many who were esteemed such did not strike him, because they wanted an expression of sense and feeling: their countenances were like blank books, very fair, but nothing to be read in them. He liked a face that had matter in it—that promised a rich mind or a warm heart. He neither liked a foolish woman nor a cold-hearted woman. The last, indeed, is ever repulsive—something contrary to what Nature intended should be the principal distinction of her sex; for we look for love and tenderness in a woman, as we do for warmth in the sun. In other respects, Stothard, though he preferred the elegance and grace of Raphael's female figures to the portly dames of Rubens, so far agreed with the Fleish painter as to think stoutness an advantage to beauty, unless in the very prime of youth. Indeed,

nothing impairs beauty so much, and nothing shows age so soon, as *leanness*. A very thin face may retain all its expression if there is mind in the person; but thinness conveys an idea of ill health, wasting, and suffering, and that always gives pain. In the countenance of a sneerer, leanness in a great degree becomes hideous. [Let me have men about me that are fat.]

The events of Stothard's middle and later life were confined to his studio and family affairs. His childhood and youth have more interest. He was born in 1755, in Long Acre, where his father kept a public-house. The child's health was delicate, and he was sent to his father's native county, Yorkshire, for country air. Here he was taught in a dame school; and, child as he was, his innate love of art developed itself. Among other anecdotes, the following from Stothard's own mouth may be instanced.

She [the dame] had two sons in the Temple, London; who sent her a present of some of the heads of Houbraken, framed and glazed; likewise an engraving of the blind Belisarius, by Strange, and some religious pictures from the unrivalled graver of the same artist. I looked often and earnestly at those productions, for the old lady admitted me freely into her room, and seemed pleased with my admiration of them. I gazed till a love of art grew within me, and a desire to imitate what was on her walls. I got bits of paper and pencils, and made many attempts. I could see that my hand was improving, and I had sketched some things not amiss, when, at eight years old, I was removed to Stutton, the birthplace of my father. Before this, I should have mentioned that my father, pleased with my attempts, had sent me boxes of colors; which I knew so little how to use, that I applied to a house-painter for some mixed paint, which he gave me in an oyster-shell; and the first man I painted was in black. I had no examples; you know how necessary they are: literature may be taught by words, art must come through signs.

Young Stothard was subsequently sent to school at Ilford, in Essex; where he learned little, and was half starved. In 1770 his father died; and his mother, induced by his love of drawing, apprenticed him to a silk-brocade pattern-designer in Spital Square. Here his evenings were spent in reading Homer and the Fairy Queen, and in making illustrative designs from them; and here, on his master's death, an incident occurred that launched him upon that course which he steadily pursued to the end of his life.

He ever spoke of his mistress in terms of grateful esteem, and his good conduct had secured for him her most sincere regard. Whilst he was thus engaged in sketching of an evening, she would often watch his hand, and ask him to give her one or two of his drawings, that she might place them for an ornament over her mantelpiece in the best parlor. Her wish was granted, and the sketches were hung up.

Not long after, two gentlemen called at her house, one of them to give her a commission in the way of business; and, whilst he was talking to her, the other gentleman amused himself with examining the sketches over the mantelpiece. His attention being completely absorbed by them, his friend came up and looked also. On hearing the astonishment expressed by the former at their style and execution, the mistress of the house felt such a pride in her youthful apprentice, that she exclaimed, "Sir, you are admiring my lad's work; that is the way in which he occupies himself every evening." "Does he so?" replied the stranger; "pray let me see him." Thomas was then introduced, and the person who had so ad-

mired his designs over the chimney-piece drew from his pocket a book. This he placed in the hands of the youth, (who stood before him not a little abashed by hearing his own commendations,) and begged him to read it carefully; and when he met with a subject which struck his fancy, to make a sign for it in Indian ink. He then took his leave, saying that he would call again at the end of a week. The book (a novel) was read, and instead of one, three designs were executed and ready for the gentleman; who, true to his time and word, called again. The drawings were examined and approved; half a guinea was put into his hand; and Stothard's future lot was decided. The stranger was no other than the well-known Mr. Harrison, the editor (and I believe proprietor) of the *Novelist's Magazine*, published many years ago, and long before that series edited by Mrs. Barbauld, with a critique by herself appended to each work.

Those who wish to follow the career of Stothard further may recur to Mrs. Bray's volume. It is a pleasing anecdotal account of "the English Raphael," with as fair a criticism upon him as might be expected from a daughter-in-law and devoted admirer. Being somewhat deficient, however, in plan and chronological order, the book is almost as much a biographical essay as a biography. The volume, at the suggestion of Mr. Murray, is fully illustrated by wood-cuts after the best of Stothard's designs; which answer the double purpose of forming a handsome book, and furnishing the reader with specimens of the artist.

From the Spectator.

MALLET DU PAN'S MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

THE memoirs of Mallet du Pan differ essentially from any work of the same class that has yet appeared professing to throw light on the hidden sources and secret springs of the French Revolution. The subject of these memoirs was less an actor in the revolution than its contemporary historian. He was editor of the *Mercure de France* from 1784 to 1792. That journal, established under the ancien régime, was not, like the journals set on foot by Mirabeau and others, a mere organ of personal ambition or sectarian propagandism, but preserved during those eight years an uniformly historical character. When obliged to fly from France, in 1792, Mallet du Pan was intrusted by Louis the Sixteenth with a delicate mission to the Allied Sovereigns and the Emigration at Coblenz; but the wrong-headedness of the princes and their advisers paralyzed his efforts: he continued from that period till his death, in 1800, to be the Cassandra of the royalist party. Throughout the sixteen years that he was mixed up with French politics, his function was simply to chronicle events, to comment upon them, and to offer advice. In consequence of this his peculiar position, he appears to us, in his literary remains, as an abstract intelligence sitting in judgment upon what was passing under his eyes, not as a participator in the struggle. His personality is the more completely kept in the background because the recollection of few of his characteristic traits or adventures has been preserved; the fifty years which have elapsed since

his death have removed almost all who were in habits of intimacy with him from this sublunary scene.

In the literature of the French Revolution, the reminiscences of Dumont approach most nearly to those of Mallet du Pan; but Dumont's judgments were formed after the event, those of Mallet du Pan were formed on the pressure of the moment. There is more of freshness and reality in his historical sketches; they are casts from the living features, not busts modelled from recollection. Dumont's reminiscences, moreover, are in the main anecdotal; the reliques of Mallet du Pan have the comprehensive grasp of the historian.

It is not to be inferred from these remarks that the memoirs of Mallet du Pan convey no notion of the man himself. They do leave a very distinct impression of his intellectual and moral characteristics. But of this impression the reader is scarcely aware till he comes to ask himself, on closing the volumes, what kind of being must this have been, who took such a comprehensive view of the events of his age, and estimated their nature and consequences with so much of prophetic shrewdness! It is then that he for the first time distinctly recognizes in their full extent the sagacity and moral greatness of Mallet du Pan. Even then, it is only the general outlines of the man's character that are discerned; the minor peculiarities, which in all men are most prominent to contemporaries and intimate associates, are effaced by distance.

The intellectual and moral features by which Mallet du Pan was characterized throughout, were sound and dispassionate judgment, strict veracity, and indomitable independence. During the earlier part of his French career, may be traced a strong family resemblance to the Neckars, the Dumonts, and other actors in or close observers of the French Revolution, who were trained, like himself, in the Genevan school. Like them, he had read much and reflected much; his opinions and principles, like theirs, were derived more from books and reflection than immediate intercourse with men; he participated in their moral purity, in the correctness of their abstract opinions, in their moderation, in their fatal power of imparting plausibility to projects of compromise between the most irreconcilable principles and persons, in that somewhat feminine character which rendered their fastidious and cultivated minds so incompetent to contend with less intelligent but more robust and unscrupulous rivals or antagonists. His position as an observing bystander exempted Mallet du Pan from the risk of displaying any latent weakness of character, in the manner that Neckar and others of the school engaged in active business did. But up to the time of his flying from France, he evinced the same tendency to see persons and events through the medium of his own preconceived opinions. Subsequently the close contact into which he was brought with the French Princes and the Royalist Emigration disabused him of many of his prejudices; and he then displayed a capacity of entertaining new, more comprehensive and just views, far above any of his countrymen. With every year of his life his estimate of contemporary events and the actors in them approached more closely to the truth, and were expressed with more fervent eloquence and more uncompromising exactness. Most of the judgments he pronounced at the time have been confirmed by subsequent revelations; and his predictions respecting the future career of some of his most distinguished contem-

* Mémoires et Correspondance de Mallet du Pan. Pour servir à l'Histoire de la Révolution Française. Recueillis et mis en ordre par A. Sayous, Ancien Professeur à l'Académie de Genève. In two volumes. Published by Amyot, Paris.

poraries were inspired by the divination of common sense. His writings may be said to contain the history of his age as it now appears with all the reflected lights that have been cast upon it since his death, narrated with all the freshness of immediate observation.

The newspaper having become, and being likely to continue so long as the European civilization endures, a necessary of social existence and a powerful political engine, it is not uninteresting to contemplate Mallet du Pan in his capacity of journalist. He displayed in that character the same unaffected, unobtrusive independence of judgment, strict truthfulness, and severe morality, which marked his conduct in all other relations of life. The self-respect which forbade him to color a statement or compromise an opinion, influenced him alike when his writings were regularly submitted to a government censor, and when, emancipated from such control, he was alternately flattered and bullied by the demagogues of the day. His independence of clique, coterie, or party, was not less remarkable than the absence of that vanity which more frequently than any other cause prevents men from acknowledging any change of opinion. In proportion as the number of men resembling him in the ranks of journalists increases, so will the respectability and influence of newspapers for good. His history may serve to show the public what the newspaper may be made—the journalist, what he ought to exert himself to become. Mallet du Pan is one of the heroes of journalism—an intelligent, honest, and brave man.

To the general reader, however, these remains are chiefly interesting on account of the light they throw on the history of the period. In this respect, though valuable throughout, some portions of them have more value than others. The first three chapters of the first volume are devoted to a sketch of the preparatory training which Mallet du Pan underwent, from his birth in 1749 till his acceptance of the political editorship of the *Mercure de France*, in 1784. During this period, his connexion with politics was principally literary. At a very early age, he took part in the discussions which then agitated his native city, Geneva, by the publication of a pamphlet. But he was too independent to coöperate long with any of the petty factions which convulsed the tiny republic. By birth member of the politically powerful class, he advocated the claims of the persons to whom political privileges were denied. The violence of his clients soon deprived them of his sympathy; but in shaking himself loose from their alliance, he did not seek to reconcile himself with his hereditary party. His position in Geneva was one of which we have had a few examples even in our own country—that of a member of a dominant and conservative class alienated from its natural allies by a generous sentiment, repelled by their adversaries through their sectarian dogmatism, and elaborating for himself a peculiar system of opinions, at first sufficiently contradictory and incoherent, but becoming more exact and logical as his judgment becomes more mature. For a time he was led astray by admiration of the specious talents of Linguet, a turbulent pleader of talent in the Parliament of Paris—a kind of legal Cobbett; his naturally well-balanced disposition, however, enabled Mallet du Pan to soar above the region of mere personalities in which that person lived and moved, retaining only his uncompromising assertion of his own opinions. The reputation which Mal-

let du Pan obtained by his first pamphlet drew upon him the notice of Voltaire. Their intercourse was intimate; but the independent character of the young man enabled him to retain the principles instilled into him by his native Puritan church, amid all the fascinations of Ferney. This part of Mallet du Pan's career is chiefly valuable for the additional light it throws upon the relations of Voltaire in his old age to the Encyclopedists, and the politics of Geneva. The political events in that town were a rehearsal on a small scale of the portentous drama of the French Revolution: the example of Geneva did more to precipitate the revolution than the example of the United States.

From the fourth to the eleventh chapter of the first volume are devoted to the career of Mallet du Pan as editor of the *Mercure de France*. That journal had a short time before his connexion with it been purchased by a wealthy bookseller, M. Panckouck; who, having enjoyed an excellent education, carried into the transactions of trade the liberal views of a gentleman and scholar and the extensive combinations of a large capitalist. M. Panckouck perfected the arrangements of the *Mercure* with a view to render it, as a political, literary, and artistical chronicle and review, superior to anything that had previously appeared in France. The political department was conducted under the immediate superintendence and control of ministers, but at the sole expense and risk and for the sole pecuniary benefit of the proprietor. This was a trying position for Mallet du Pan. He had to avoid collisions with the government; he had to study the interest of his publisher; he had to assert his own independence and honor. He was singularly successful in all respects. He wrote simply and in good faith what he knew and thought; he bore with good temper the excisions of the censor, but never consented to write what he did not believe; and, by adhering to this line of conduct, he obtained a reputation for the journal that made it a most profitable speculation for the proprietor. A remarkable example of the intrepidity with which he asserted his convictions is preserved in the volumes of M. Sayons, in the notes of a conversation he had with his censor respecting the support afforded by the French government to the democratic faction in Holland which repelled the Staatholder. In after days, that functionary must have looked back on Mallet du Pan's warning, of the dangerous consequences that might ensue from a monarchical government's underhand support of extreme democrats in a neighbor state to promote its own ambitious ends, as prophetic. The sagacity of Mallet du Pan was also strikingly illustrated about this time by the view he took of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. So long as the censorship continued, Mallet du Pan, as an official journalist, was an object of distrust and suspicion to the revolutionary leaders. After the censorship was abolished, his own convictions and the indirect influence of the circles in which he moved kept him steady to the views of government professed by the king. There was therefore little change in the tone of the *Mercure*; it remained conservatively liberal. He was thus isolated on the one hand not only from the Girondists and Jacobins, but also from the Constitutionalists who had no connexion with the court. On the other hand, the citizen of Geneva had little or nothing in common with the royalist party. Perhaps the only member of that party who really and sincerely thought as he did was the king; and with him.

Mallet du Pan does not appear to have had personal intercourse till immediately before his flight from France. Accordingly, he was not admitted into the secret councils of the royalists. Thus circumstanced, his knowledge of persons and events was necessarily in a great measure obtained at second-hand. He displays great industry in seeking for information, great shrewdness in estimating its reliableness, great temper in his judgment of men and parties. But his judgments throughout this period bear the impress of a bookish man, who knows the world principally from the report of others. His eyes have not yet been couched; he has not a distinct perception, a real knowledge of the characters of those by whom he is surrounded—of the passions and aims which animate and direct their actions.

The remaining five chapters of the first volume and the whole of the second relate to the last eight years of the life of Mallet du Pan—to the years of his exile. This is infinitely the most interesting and important portion of the work. Here we have him brought into personal contact with all parties of the successive emigrations, and maintaining a close correspondence with many who remained in France. The characters and actions of men are placed naked before his eyes. He sees men and events as they really are; his acute perception and strong judgment rapidly emancipate themselves from all preconceptions. His practical turn of mind enables him to detect the futility of the plans of the emigrants—his tact, to detect their hidden motives; and independence and honesty compel him to place them in their true light. He thus incurs enmities and attacks of all kinds; his honest indignation lends an impassioned eloquence to his expression of opinions and feelings. In vehement uncompromising earnestness, and in subtle analysis of character, his writings at this period are scarcely inferior to Burke's; while his singleness of purpose, and his steady judgment, render them far more veracious than those of the English orator.

Did our limits permit, it would be easy to select from the volumes of M. Sayous, numerous proofs of this estimate of the writings of Mallet du Pan, at the time when his intellect had been fully developed and matured. Among these, not the least wonderful is the promptitude and exactness with which he discovered the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and foretold his future. But the recent events in France induce us to turn in preference to what relates to the change effected by the revolution in the constitution of French society and the character of the French people.

In various memoirs and letters, Mallet du Pan labors to impress upon his correspondents and the public the real character of the portion of society in which political power had been concentrated by the revolution. He shows how the States-General stripped the king of all political influence; how the Convention did the same for the nobles and the priests; and finally, how, after the overthrow of the Girondins, all proprietaries were placed in the same category as the privileged classes. In the cities, the proletariat were thus wedded to the cause of the revolution, while, in the rural districts, the peasantry, emancipated from feudal exactions, and by this and by the sale of the national domains made owners of the fields they tilled, had a still greater interest in resisting all recurrence to the ancien régime. Of the political system and opinions developed and established in such a state of

society, Mallet du Pan wrote to Lord Elgin, in 1793—

Nothing can hinder the possessor of power to acquire the means of subsistence; equality of rights is only valuable for the indigent as leading to equality of enjoyment. The total dissolution of property, therefore, resisted for some time by the Convention, is a necessary consequence of the existing position of affairs; and an irresistible movement will bring it about, more or less rapidly, according to circumstances. To be convinced of this, it is only required to recall the principles avowed a year ago by the deputation from the department of the Gard to the Assembly, who demanded that an indemnification of 250 millions should be paid to the cultivators for the grain which they called national property. "This startling sum of 250 millions," they added, "is, in so far as the state is concerned, a merely apparent outlay, which will place at its disposal an amount of real and purely national wealth, which of right belongs in property to no individual member of society, any more than the precious metals stamped in the mint."

To the same purport is a speech made by Robespierre about the same time. The primary right, he said, is the right to exist. The primary social law is that which guarantees to every member of society the means of subsistence; all others are subordinate. "Property is tolerated to insure existence; it is not true that property ought to be upheld at the risk of putting life in peril. All that is required to support existence is the common property of the whole of society; it is only the surplus that may be allowed to become private property, and abandoned to the disposal of traders."

Thus, the dogma of equality of property, which began to germinate under the revolution, now pushes out its buds: this dogma is recognized in all the decrees of the Assembly for regulating the subsistence of the sans-culottes; in particular, it is the basis of the famous law of taxation, and the source of the preparatory slanders which designate all proprietors *accapareurs* and *muscadins*, just as the nobles and priests were nicknamed *aristocrates* and *calotins* before them. Such has hitherto been the march of the French revolution; this indicates what must be its future career. The old power is subverted; the subversion of property has begun; its consummation is inevitable, whatever quarrels may take place among the dominant faction.

Here we have a picture of a society prepared for a communistic government. A second memorial, addressed by Mallet du Pan to Lord Elgin in February, 1794, explained the machinery and secret springs of such a government, established under the name of a "Comité de Salut Public." He pointed out the immense wealth which confiscations of all kinds had placed at the disposal of this government. He showed how it disarmed or banished the intelligent and thinking classes by terror, and made the multitude its agents by feeding and flattering them. He explained the machinery by which the army was raised and recruited, and those by which its enthusiasm was kept at boiling-point. The picture is that of a nation of debauched Spartans; the great mass of which was kept loyal to the existing government, as dogs are, by being fed, and ready to be hounded as soldiers upon their neighbors (also as dogs are) by not being over-fed, and by having wealth and luxury presented to them in the countries destined to invasion. This, he shows in various writings, was the secret of the successes of the French armies; of the eagerness with which fresh soldiers rushed

on to occupy the places of those who fell, till their enemies were worn out, driven back, trampled under foot.

Now for the application of these views to the present time. The emigrant nobility and clergy have been unable to regain their powers and property. The royal family is almost worn out. The new nobility, created by Napoleon, were almost as odious to the peasantry and the sans-culottes of the towns as the old. Under the despotism of Napoleon, under Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, individuals have acquired considerable properties by trade, manufactures, or banking, and speculations in the funds. But these owners of chattel property are, like the mill-owners in our own manufacturing districts, a few unorganized individuals, lost amid an ocean of laborers. Extensive land-owners there are none; the land is in the possession of the peasantry, and the law of inheritance causes the holdings to diminish instead of augmenting. Few land-owners have more than enables them to live; the rural population consists of those who possess the bare means of subsistence, and a constantly growing surplus, for whose sustenance there is no poor-law. The rural population of France hate and fear tithes and rents as inveterately as the Irish peasants, and will fight against them to the death. Among this population, recruits for the army are found in plenty: the army is the poor-law, the barracks are the union work-houses of France. With the exception of the rich manufacturers, merchants, and bankers, French society has scarcely changed since the time of Mallet du Pan. Now Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is the nucleus of a centralized bureaucracy, which is in effect a Comité de Salut Public. He governs by the army, recruited from the peasantry and the proletariat class, and to those classes a necessary of existence as their only substitute for a poor-law. This new Comité de Salut Public must govern on the same principles as the old one, if it will maintain its position and power. France under Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, like France under Robespierre, must be governed internally by compulsory equalization of property, by communistic administration of property, and by systematic forays upon all neighboring states.

To many readers the name of Mallet du Pan, notwithstanding the celebrity it once enjoyed, will be entirely new. But the influence of his writings has been more lasting than his fame. He was the first to occupy that neutral ground upon which rational royalists and rational revolutionists have since met and formed a public of practical politicians conforming to the altered relations of society. In his writings are to be found the germs of those opinions which were so powerfully advocated by Von Stein, Arndt, and others, when the nations rose and combined to dethrone Napoleon.

EXECUTIONS IN CANTON.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society the Secretary read a paper of great interest, by Mr. T. T. Meadows, translator to Her Britannic Majesty's Consulate in China, descriptive of the execution of 34 rebels, or bandits, which took place in Canton on the 30th of July last. After a description of the place of execution, which was secured by a strongly guarded door, and after stating that more than 400 human beings have been put to death in the same place within the past eight months, Mr. Meadows states that

he entered the place accompanied by two English residents at Canton, and found there a few of the lower officials. The only preparation visible was a cross, fixed up for the infliction of the highest legal punishment practised in China—cutting up alive. There was a fire of fragrant sandalwood burning before the shed where the Mandarins sit to superintend the executions, in order to conceal the horrid stench arising from the decomposed heads remaining there. After waiting a considerable time, all the criminals were introduced, most of them walking to their places, but many carried in baskets, and tumbled out on the spot appointed for them, where they lay powerless, either from excess of fear or from treatment inflicted during the trial and imprisonment. A man stood behind each criminal, and placed him in a kneeling position, with his face towards the ground, holding him in this position by grasping his hands, which were bound behind his back. In case of resistance, which happens very rarely, the criminal's *queue* is held by a second assistant, and dragged forward by force, so as to keep the neck extended. When all the criminals were placed in the required positions, the executioner seized a sabre with both hands, and proceeded to his work. In the present instance the man was a mild-looking soldier, selected from the ranks of the army. The sword was a common sabre of three feet in length, and one of those employed on the occasion was laid on the society's table. It appears that there is no official weapon required, for the officers of the army, anxious to "flesh their swords," send them for the purpose to the executioner, who has thus a sufficient supply for his most extensive operations. The number decapitated on the occasion described was 33; and the executioner took up a fresh sword as soon as he felt the edge of the one employed becoming dull, which was usually the case after cutting off two or three heads. When all was ready the man stood firm, with his legs somewhat apart. On hearing the word "*Pan*" pronounced by the officer superintending, and after a sharp order to the criminal, "Don't move!" he raised his sword straight up, and brought it rapidly down with the full strength of both arms, giving additional force to the blow by dropping his body perpendicularly to a sitting posture. The horrid task was soon done; after cutting off the head of one victim the man threw himself, by a bound, into position by the side of the next; and, in somewhat less than three minutes, the whole 33 were headless—the head in every case but the first being completely severed at one blow. In three or four cases, where the criminals retained their full strength, the bodies, after decapitation, rose quite upright; and Mr. Meadows is satisfied that unless restrained by the man behind they would have sprung into the air. When this part of the tragedy was over, the more horrible work of slow death was carried into effect upon the remaining criminal, who was bound to the cross mentioned above. He was a strongly-built man, apparently 40 years old, who had escaped in the first instance, but who had voluntarily surrendered himself to certain death in order to save from torture his wife and family, who had been seized by the Chinese government, with the cruel policy usual on such occasions. In this instance the flesh was cut from the forehead, breast, and extremities of the sufferer, with a short knife, which was on the table before the meeting; the body was immediately taken from the cross, and the head cut off. The duration of the punishment was about four or five minutes. The bodies were then packed up in coffins and carried away.

The ecstasy of delight, like the intensity of pain, makes one stern and serious.

He that buys a house ready wrought has many a pin and nail for naught.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The operation of this law is decidedly against some of the old usages. The city of Portland is now suffering in consequence, being driven to the necessity of hiring workmen to perform the duties which have heretofore been done by the inmates of the almshouse, without pay. If the law continues, it is questionable whether almshouse establishments will be worth sustaining. It is said that their patronage has dwindled one half

already! This onslaught on pauperism, disease, and crime is a serious thing to think of! The interests of doctors are seriously affected; officers of criminal courts are in danger of losing their business, and the prisons in most counties will soon be to let. Will the people uphold this state of things! All men of spirit will of course cry out against it; but they will and must submit to the mandate of the people.—*Portsmouth Journal*.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART XI.

THE extremities modified for walking on land, in the case of the Chersians, shuffling about in marshes and ponds in the case of the Elodians,* and swimming in rivers with a good garnish of claws to enable the Potamians† to scramble upon banks and logs, to say nothing of the help of the said claws in enabling them to secure their prey, take, in the Thalassians,‡ an unmistakable oar-like shape. No half-measures would enable a turtle to row placidly on the mirror-like sea, when

The air is calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters plays,

or beat the billows when the ocean is agitated by storms such as burst forth in tropical latitudes. But these paddles have a double office to perform. They are formed to act, not only as organs of swimming, but as instruments of progression on the tide-furrowed shore, when the females travel up to deposit their eggs; and to this end, in most of the species, the paddle is furnished with one or more nails, which greatly assist the animal in its advance on land.

Only five well-defined recent species are known, if Mr. Gray be right in considering *Chelone virgata* and *Chelone maculosa* of Dumeril and Bibron as varieties of *Chelone mydas*; and this existing state of the limitation of the marine form of these reptiles opens a new and most interesting point of view, when compared with the fossil evidences of the development of this sub-family in the ancient seas of our globe. Professor Owen, in his valuable *History of British Fossil Reptiles*, describes no less than eleven well-defined fossil species of chelone found in Britain, to say nothing of fragments. Such a catalogue, as he justly observes, leads to conclusions of much greater interest than the previous opinions respecting the chelonites of the London clay could have suggested.

Whilst (writes the professor) these fossils were supposed to have belonged to a fresh water genus, the difference between the present fauna and that of the eocene period, in reference to the chelonian order, was not very great; since the *Emys (cistuda) Europea* still abounds on the continent after which it is named, and lives long in our own islands in suitable localities. But the case assumes a very different aspect when we come to the conviction that the majority of the eocene chelonites belong to the true marine genus chelone; and that the number of species of these extinct turtles already

obtained from so limited a space as the Isle of Sheppy, exceeds that of the species of chelone now known to exist throughout the globe.

The professor comes to no hasty conclusion, when he states that the ancient ocean of the eocene epoch was much less sparingly inhabited by turtles than that which now washes the shores of our globe; and that these extinct turtles presented a greater variety of specific modifications than are known in the seas of the warmer latitudes of the present day. Nor does the inference stop here; for, as he well says in continuation, the indications which the English eocene turtles, in conjunction with other organic remains from the same formation, afford of the warmer climate of the latitude in which they lived, as compared with that which prevails there in the present day, accord with those which all the organic remains of the oldest tertiary deposits have hitherto yielded in reference to this interesting point. We have already seen that some of the fresh-water tortoises make the eggs and young of crocodilians and other reptiles their prey, and the conformation of some of these fossils furnishes the author of the work here cited with another generalizing observation.

After remarking that abundance of food must have been produced under the influences of a climate such as that which the fossil turtles enjoyed, he proceeds to the inference that to some of the extinct species—which, like the *Chelone longiceps* and *Chelone planimentum*, exhibit a form of head well adapted for penetrating the soil, or with modifications that indicate an affinity to the *Trionyxes*—was assigned the task of checking the undue increase of the now extinct crocodiles and gavials of the same epoch and locality, by devouring their eggs or their young, the trionyxes themselves becoming, probably in return, an occasional prey to the older individuals of the same carnivorous saurians. Thus did the *lex talionis* prevail long before lawyers stained paper with their well-galled ink. Thus was the balance kept up in bygone ages as it now is. The same principle of mutual extermination was, and is, and is to be; and by this principle, which to the uninitiated must wear somewhat of an Acherontic aspect, the greatest quantity of general happiness is secured in what would otherwise be an overcrowded world: but *ve victis*.

The well-arched, thick-walled, wagon-proof, portable castle, assigned by the distributive justice of Nature to the larger slow land tortoises, and

* Marsh tortoises.

† River tortoises.

‡ Sea tortoises, or turtles.

those, consequently, more exposed to observation and attacks, is in the turtles modified to suit the element in which they principally live. The carapace forming the roof is less highly arched, and both it and the floor or plastron are lighter and less completely ossified; but as the head cannot be drawn back under the carapace, as in the land tortoises, it is fortified by an additional bony helmet.

Besides these true turtles another marine genus exists, differing remarkably from chelone; this is the coriaceous turtle, *Sphargis*, which has the body incased in a sort of leathern armor, and has no nails on the paddles. This form seems to represent the soft fresh-water tortoises in some degree.

The green turtle, (*Chelone mydas*), now the cynosure of every aldermanic eye, owes its English name to the hue of the delicate fat which enriches the soup and various savory dishes that form a course of turtle. Whether the Latin specific name was conferred on it by the Knight of the Polar Star from any punning justiciary allusion, does not seem to be certain. Notwithstanding the French names with which it is now the fashion to adorn every *plat*, be it at city feast, great club dinner to the lion of the day, or the more refined repast served in the Apollo chamber of a modern Lucullus, England may claim the honor of availing itself of the resources of its West Indian possessions, and making "turtle" famous. The French were a long way behind. In *Le Cuisinier des Cuisiniers** there is not a single receipt for dressing real turtle.

What the ideas of a Frenchman on the subject of *Potage en Tortue* were, may be gathered from the following:—

Potage en Tortue.—Ce potage, qui est aujourd'hui très à la mode dans les grands maisons et chez les bons restaurateurs, manque dans la plupart des traités sur la cuisine. Beauvilliers, et Viard dans le *Cuisinier royal*, sont les seuls qui en exposent la recette, mais avec des variantes.

After this exordium one is hardly prepared for the receipts themselves.

Matières employées par Beauvilliers.—Mouton, épaule ou gigot, ou parures de carrés, débris de poissons, en quantité suffisante, dans un marmite, blond de veau, bouquet de persil, aromates, basilic; la cuisson sépare la chair des os. Le bouillon passé au travers d'une serviette, et clarifié avec des blancs d'œufs; faire bouillir, réduire, ajouter du vin de Madère; la moitié d'une tête de veau, echudée de la veille, désossée, cuite dans un blanc, coupée par petits morceaux; dans le bouillon, vin de Madère; poivre de cayenne, de kari; dans le potage, des morceaux de veau; jaunes d'œufs frais, durcis, à l'instant du service.

Now for the *Matières employées par Viard*:—

Tranches de bœuf, parure de veau, poule ou parure de volaille, moitié consommé et moitié blond de veau, carottes, oignons, cloux de girofle, dans une marmite; moitié de tête de veau, degorgée et blanchie, coupée par petits morceaux dans

une autre marmite, petits piments enragés, macis de muscade, consommé, vin de Madère, champignons, ris de veau en très petits morceaux, crêtes de coqs, rognons, quenelles de volailles; dans la soupière, œufs pochés et le potage dessus; si le potage n'est pas assez corsé ou assez fort en piment, glace de volaille, beurre de piment.

Fire burn and caldron bubble!

Very good *potage* no doubt—but no more like *tortue* than I to Hercules; and, even for the mock-turtle here presented, any one may safely back Birch of Cornhill against the French artist. When Cuvier last visited this country, and was feasted by some of our philosophers at the Albion, nothing struck him so much as the *tortue*, upon which his memory long dwelt; and yet he had had the opportunity of testing the abilities of the first cooks of his own country. Soyer and other compatriots of his may have shone since that time; but formerly turtle was eminently English. Nor is it of remote antiquity as an English dish. Not much more than a hundred years have passed since its general introduction, and for a long time it was comparatively rare. But steam, which annihilates both space and time to make epicures as well as lovers happy, now brings a regular and rapid supply of really "fine lively turtle," very different from the wasted invalids which our West Indiamen of the olden time landed after their lagging voyage. Bristol was famous for it; and some years ago the Montague Tavern bore away the bell. There was the best turtle I ever tasted, and thither did George IV. send for that which graced his royal table. Whether the mantle has descended on the shoulders of the present priest of Comus who officiates at the Montague, those of my readers, if I happen to have any, may ascertain who go to that ancient town, and make a pilgrimage up the hill to the "Parade," which used to be odoriferous with the savory emanations from the tavern redolent of sweet basil, the grosser fumes of the kitchen sublimed by the perfume of *lime-punch*, *lime-sangaree*, and *limes* themselves: accompaniments, by the way, rarely, if ever, seen in London; where the lemon, fragrant as it is, unsatisfactorily does duty for the lime, two or three of which supreme condiments were placed in the napkin of every guest when turtle was presented at Bristol.

Our own lamented Chantrey, who, though fully alive to the merits of the good things of this world, was one of the most unselfish and liberal of men, had a story of a passage during one of the city feasts at which he was present. The great national sculptor—for truly great and truly national he was—sat next to a functionary before whom stood a large tureen of turtle-soup. This citizen instantly possessed himself of the ladle, carefully fished out the coarser parts, and offered the plate containing them to Chantrey, who declined.

"I watched," said he, "the progress of the plate: at last it was set down before the lord-mayor's chaplain; and the expression of that man's face, when he beheld it, I shall never forget." The

* Paris, 1825.

functionary went on helping till he had cleared the soup of all but the green fat and richer parts, the whole of which he piled up in a capacious plate for himself. Then up spoke our sculptor and said,—“If you will allow me to change my mind, I'll take a little turtle;” and the waiter who held the plate, placed it, to the horror of the dispensing expectant, before Chantrey, who immediately commenced spoon-exercise, as Jonathan delicately describes such evolutions; “and this I did,” said Chantrey, “to punish him for his greed.”

What was the unhappy functionary to do? His own tureen was exhausted, and, in a half-frantic tone, he called to one of the waiters to bring him some turtle. But at city feasts the guests are very industrious, especially when turtle is the order of the day; and the waiter, after trying about, brought back to our greedy citizen the identical plate of fatless flesh which had so astounded the chaplain, who had contrived to exchange his unwelcome portion for one more worthy of a sleek son of the Church: “and then,” Chantrey would add, “my attentive neighbor's visage was awful to look upon!” There was no help for it; so the disconcerted functionary betook himself to the rejected plate, with the additional discomfiture of seeing Chantrey send away his, still rich with calipee, fat, and fins.

But this is mild compared with scenes which have arisen on such occasions in less refined times. Something, indeed, may be allowed for the weakness of human nature, and the excitement of the moment, when

The tender morsels on the palate melt,
And all the force of cookery is felt.

But time was when the Graces seem to have been altogether banished from the great civic feasts, and the onslaught of the gastrophilists waxed fast and furious. Hogarth has touched this in the eighth plate of his inimitable “Industry and Idleness,” when the industrious ‘prentice has grown rich, and is Sheriff of London; “representing to us,” as worthy Dr. Trusler observes, “at one view, the various ways of what we call laying it in.” Quin declared that it was not safe to sit down to a feast in one of the city halls without a basket-hilted knife and fork. At a much later period, a well-known “special attorney,” who had fought his way well on every other stage, found himself no match for those who surrounded him on lord-mayor's day. Whenever he endeavored to transfer a fat slice from the savory haunch before him to his own plate, it was instantly speared by the forks of the foragers near him, and borne away to theirs, till at last he was compelled to resign the unequal contest, and lay down his dinner arms in despair, though he had got well into “The Alderman's Walk.” And yet civic hospitality does its best to enable the catechists who are invited to do their duty towards their neighbors, as far as plenty is concerned. At a turtle-feast, the usual allowance was, perhaps is—for there has been no falling off of late in festal liberality

—six pounds, live weight, per head. Thus, in August, 1808, at the Spanish dinner at the City of London Tavern, 400 guests consumed 2500 lbs. of turtle, if the newspapers of that day are worthy of credence. When we remember that the turtle is but the prologue to the play, we may form some notion of the performances of these valiant trenchermen, who must have gone near to rival the feats of some of the ancient heroes of the table. They, indeed, have left on record gastric achievements to be envied by aldermen of the most giant appetite. Did not Maximin consume forty pounds of flesh in a day—nay, occasionally sixty pounds—moistening his repast with a vessel of wine of the Capitol measure, containing about eight of our gallons? Great as he was in more senses than one, the brutal emperor, however, must yield the palm to Phagon, who, at one dinner, consumed a whole boar, a hundred loaves, a wether, and a little hog, washing all down with more than an orea of wine. Claudius Albinus seems to have had a sweet tooth, and a more refined taste; for one of his meals consisted of five hundred dried figs, the callistruithæ of the Greeks, one hundred Campanian peaches, ten melons of Ossia, and twenty pounds of grapes from the luscious vineyards of the blessed island of Leuce, that paradise of the Euxine Sea. These delicacies paved the way for the *volaille*, consisting of one hundred gnat-snappers; and then the orifice was satisfactorily closed upon forty oysters. Claudius, in this sweeping supper, seems to have reversed the modern order of dishes, ending where an epicure of the nineteenth century begins. What his drinking capabilities were does not appear. But the stern Romans were in the habit of becoming somewhat hazy occasionally. People do not like to have their various weaknesses paraded before the senate; and Mark Antony bitterly paid off Cicero's philippics. The son of the orator, by way of commentary, and bent on eclipsing the fame of his father's murderer as the greatest bibber of the empire, took off two gallons at a draught. Nivellius Torquatus threw the prowess of Marcus Cicero into the shade; for, in the presence of Tiberius, he drank off three gallons without drawing breath; and Firmus disposed of two buckets full of wine without flinching; to say nothing of Offellius Burætiæ, who spent the whole of his life in making himself a thoroughfare for wine. The accomplishment was worth something in those days. Three bacchanalian nights with Piso so endeared him to Tiberius—whom the wags irreverently called Biberius—that he made him prætor; and for the same convivial qualities, the emperor gave Pomponius Flaccus the province of Syria. The road to preferment generally, under his reign, seems to have been the same rosy way, for “he also did prefer a man that was unknown, and sought for the quæstor's office, before the most noble men, for pledging at a banquet an amphora of wine, that he drank to him. And at that time, when the *Lex Fannia* was published, the matter was come so far, that many of

the people of Rome would come drunk into the senate-house, and so consult of the affairs of the commonwealth."* Man is an imitative animal; and the debates in our own houses of parliament occasionally exhibit symptoms that some of our legislators have dined, though they may not have exactly fulfilled that Greek symposial law that required the boon companion not to quit his cups till the morning star arose. Even in these degenerate days, there are not wanting examples of those who have bid the liquid ruby flow copiously. Quin frequently carried off six good bottles of claret under his belt, after all the spirituous and vinous accompaniments of a turtle dinner.

But neither calipash nor calipee gratified the palates of the ancient Romans. The hammer of Charon descended upon the Apicii and Lucullus centuries before the Nereids, who sport under the beams of the western star, sent the delicious offering to the epicures of the old world, although the sea-nymphs of the East furnished the luxurious with an ornament for their tables, couches, and the pillars of their houses, from another species.† We can almost hear the lamentations of the sidgeity, niggardly, self-tormenting Mamurra, poor in the midst of his riches, who

Testudineum mensus quater hexaclinon
Igemuit citro non satis esse suo.‡

The consumption of tortoise shell at Rome for ornamental purposes must have been very great; the very door-posts of the rich were inlaid with it.§

The supply, occasionally, must have been more than equal to the demand, if we may believe Velleius Paterculus, who relates that, when Cæsar took Alexandria, the magazines were so rich in tortoise shell that he proposed to make that highly-prized ornament a principal feature in his African triumph.

The first man that invented the cutting of tortoise shells into thin plates, therewith to seel beds, tables, cupboards, and presses, was Carbilus Pollio, a man very ingenious and inventive of such toies, serving to riot and superfluous expense.||

* Jonston.

† *Chelone imbricata*.

‡ Martial, Epig. ix. 60. Juvenal also alludes to the luxury in his eleventh satire:—

Nemo inter curas et seria duxit habendum,
Qualis in Oceani fluctu testudo nataret,
Clarum Trojugenis factura, ac nobile fulcrum.

§ Familiar as is the passage, we cannot mar the beauty of the Mantuan's verse by giving the sixth line alone:—

O Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolæ! quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
Manc salutantem totis vomit edibus undam;
Nec parios inhiant pulchrâ testudine postes,
Inlutasque auro vestes, Ephryeique æra;
Alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno,
Nec casia liquidi corruptiur usus olivi:
At secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque bouum, mollesque sub arbore somni
Non absunt.

|| Holland's *Pliny*. And again,—"Cornelius Nepos writeth, that before the victory of Sylla, who defeated

The carapace entire was frequently used for a cradle and a bath for young children; nor did the warrior disdain it as a shield.

The size to which some of the species grew was enormous, if we are to believe *Ælian*, *Pliny*, *Diodorus*, and others.

There he found Tortoises in the Indian sea so great, that one only shel of them is sufficient for the rouse of a dwelling house. And among the Islands principally in the Red Sea, they use Tortoise shells for boats and wherries upon the water.

And, again, (book vi. c. 23,) *Pliny*, writing of the inhabitants of the Island of Taprobane, states that,

They take also a great pleasure and delight in fishing, and especially in taking of tortoises; and so great they are found there, that one of their shells will serve to cover an house: and so the inhabitants do employ them instead of rouses.

The largest skull of a turtle I ever saw is in the noble museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It is the cranium of a Loggerhead Turtle, (*Chelone caouanna*), and is of the following portentous dimensions:—

	Ft. In. Lin.		
Length, in a straight line from the back margin of the mastoid to the fore end of the premaxillary,	}	0	13 6
Breadth, in a straight line,		0	11 6
Height, including lower jaw,		0	9 0
Circumference (horizontal),		3	4 0

And now a few words on the natural history and capture of some of these Thalassians; and first, of the delicate species, the greenish color of whose fat gives it one of its names, and is derived from the turtle-grass on which it principally feeds—the green turtle, *Tortue franche* of our pseudo-republican neighbors; *Testudo mydas*, Linn.; *Chelone mydas* of more modern zoologists.

The Atlantic Ocean and the West Indian seas are enriched with this luscious esculent.

Turtle, (tortoises,) writes Sir Hans Sloane, are of several sorts; those of the sea call'd green Turtle, from their fats being of that colour, feed on conches or shell fish, are very good victuals, and sustain a great many, especially of the poorer sort of the Island. They are brought in sloops, as the season is for breeding or feeding, from the Caymanes, or south Cayes of Cuba, in which forty sloops, part of one hundred and eighty, belonging to Port Royal, are always employed. They are worth fifteen shillings apiece, best when with egg, and brought or put into pens, or palisadoed places, in the harbor of Port Royal, whence they are taken

Marius, two dining tables, and no more there were throughout Rome, all of silver. Fenestella saith, that in his time (and he died the last year of the reign of Tyberius Cæsar the emperor) men began to bestow silver upon their cupborders and side livery tables; and even then also (by his saying) tortoise worke came in request, and was much used. Howbeit, somewhat before his daies, he writeth, that those cupborders were of wood, round and solid, of one entire piece, and not much bigger than the tables whereupon men eat their meat; but when hee was a young boy, they were foure square, and of many peeces joyned together; and then they began to be covered over with thin boards or panels, either of maple or citron wood." So that, after all, this is not the only age of

and killed as occasion requires. They are much better when brought in first, than after languishing in those pens for want of food.

Apicius certainly had Darteneuf on the hip when, in reply to the strictures of the latter on his not having made a voyage to Britain for the purpose of eating oysters, the ghost of the Roman retorted with the modern epicure's short-comings on his confession that, when in the flesh, he had not been to the West Indies to enjoy turtle.*

Sloane gives a somewhat startling account of the effect of a turtle diet:—

They infect the blood of those feeding on them, whence their shirts are yellow, and their skin and face of the same color.

Our aldermen had better have an eye to their linen and complexions. Sloane starts a theory on the color of his transatlantic friends, whose undergarments were "stained prodigiously:"—

This, I believe, (says he,) may be one of the reasons of the complexion of our European inhabitants, which is changed, in some time, from white to that of a yellowish color, and which proceeds from this, as well as the jaundies, which is common, sea air, &c.

And then, he says, not without truth, that "all sorts of Sea Turtle, except the green, are reckon'd fishy and not good food."

In his chapter "of Quadrupeds which are oviparous, or lay eggs," he says—

The best, or green turtle, or tortoises, come to the Caymanes once a-year to lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatch'd by the sun, and at that time the turtles take them in great numbers; at other times the turtles go to the south Cayes of Cuba, there to feed on the sea-grass growing under water, wherefore the turtles go thither in quest of them; and it may be, four men in a sloop may bring in thirty, forty, or fifty turtles, worth seventeen or eighteen shillings a-piece, more or less, according to their goodness. The female with egg is reckon'd the best; they sometimes get their loading in a day, but are usually six weeks in making the voyage; they feed on turtle, bisquet bread and salt; they catch the turtle with nets of yarn larger than whippcord. When they come home they put

* *Apicius*. What grieves me most is, that I never eat a *Turtle*. They tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods!

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so; but I never eat any; for in my time they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! How dost thou dare accuse me of not going to Sandwich, to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America, to riot on *turtles*? But know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are *turtle-boats* that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week, of a surfeit he got at a *turtle feast* in the city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that *turtle* is better than *venison*?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he eat till he fell asleep in his chair, and that the food was so wholesome, he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity, &c.

LYTTLETON'S *Dialogues of the Dead*. 3d edit. 1760.

them into the sea in four square pennis, or palisaded places, where they keep alive till there be occasion to kill them, which will be very long sometimes, tho' the sooner they are killed after taking, they are the fatter. The callipee, or under part of the breast and belly bak'd, is reckoned the best piece—the liver and fat are counted delicacies.

And then Sir Hans proceeds to repeat, as he has in another part of his book, besides that above quoted, the statement that those who feed much upon them discharge at their pores a yellow serum, and that the fat is yellow, tastes like marrow, and gives the skin a yellow hue—a statement which will not surprise those who know that the bones of pigs, in whose food madder is mixed, become colored accordingly.

Such is Sloane's account of the *Testudo marina vulgaris* of Ray; *Jurucua Brasiliensis*, and *Tartaruga Lusitanis*, of the same; *Tortue franche* of Rochefort, Du Tertre, and Labat.

He then describes the *Testudo marina Caouanna dicta*, *Tortue caouanne*, Rochef. Labat, Ray, *Kaouanne* of Du Tertre, calling it the *Hawksbill turtle*, describing it as "very little differing from the common sea sort, only in every part less," and "not so good victuals as the former, though as common in these seas." This is probably the *Loggerhead turtle* of authors.

Sloane then gives an account of the *Testudo caretta dicta*, which I take to be the true hawksbill turtle, and of which, he says, they "are chiefly valued for their scales, commonly called tortoise shell; and are found with the others."

Père Labat speaks of *la tortue franche*, the green turtle, as "la seule espèce qui soit véritablement bonne à manger;" of *le caret*, the hawksbill, as furnishing "écaille de tortue:—" "sa chair," he adds, "n'est pas bonne à manger;" he speaks of it as "d'une qualité purgative," as the good father found to his cost; and indulgence in it nearly cost a reverend brother his life.

Of *la caouanne*, the loggerhead, he writes with more correctness than Sloane, who probably saw only young specimens, that it is "plus grande que les deux autres. Son écaille ne vaut rien. Sa chair n'est pas meilleure, elle est toujours maigre, filasseuse, coriace, et de mauvaise odeur. On ne laisse pas de la saller pour les Nègres, à qui tout est bon."

It is, perhaps, too much to say, that the tortoiseshell of the loggerhead is entirely worthless, though it is comparatively valueless; and, indeed, that of the hawksbill is very inferior to the true article produced by *Chelone imbricata*.

Labat tells us, that those who go to the turtle islands or other localities to fish for the green and hawksbill turtles, live on the flesh of turtles only for three or four months, without bread, without cassava—with nothing, in short, but the fat and lean of those animals; and he declares that, whatever maladies these men may have when they set out upon this expedition, even if they should be affected with the most loathsome, they return perfectly cured.

He describes at some length the methods of capture. The first is, to watch them when they go to lay their eggs* in the sand, or when they come to reconnoitre; and he says, that if their traces are observed on the sand, and the observer go to the same place on the seventeenth day afterwards, he will infallibly find the turtle come for the purpose of depositing her burden. She is then turned on her back, and, being unable to regain her usual position, is safe. 'But though a green turtle thus turned is secure, because her carapace is comparatively flat, a hawksbill left in such a posture is no more safe than a galapagos tortoise when laid on its back, because the carapace of the hawksbill is more convex, and the animal itself more active; the operator, therefore, after turning the turtle, places great stones round it, so as to counteract its efforts to regain its natural posture, or, as the hawksbill is only sought for its shell, the flesh being comparatively worthless, it is killed on the spot.

The worthy father gives a hint to turtle-turners to beware of their jaws, for they bite, particularly the hawksbill, (*caret*), furiously; and, if they cannot take out the piece, will not let go while they have life. The turtle-turners, therefore, carry a little bludgeon with them, with which they give the patient a rap on the head before they proceed to turn it.

The second method of taking them is by striking them with a sort of spear or harpoon (*varre*) when they come to the surface to breathe, or there lie asleep. The adventurers go at night generally, where they have observed much cut turtle-grass floating, for that is a certain sign that the place is the haunt of turtles, who cut the grass in feeding, and some of it rises to the surface. The rest shall be told in the words of the graphic narrator:—

Celui qui tient la varre est sur le bout ou la proue du canot. Le mot de *varre* est Espagnol, il signifie une gaule ou perche; celle dont on se sert en cette pêche est de sept à huit pieds de longueur et d'un bon pouce de diamètre, a peu près comme la hampe d'une halebard. On fait entrer dans un des bouts un cloud carré de sept à huit pouces de long y compris la douille dont il fait partie, cette douille à une boucle ou anneau de fer, ou simplement un trou, où est attachée une longue corde proprement roulée sur l'avant du canot, où un des bouts est aussi attaché, et la hampe est aussi attachée à une autre petite corde dont le varreur tient un bout. Le varreur donc étant debout sur l'avant du canot, la varre à la main droite, examine tout autour de lui s'il voit paroître quelque tortue, ce qui est assez aisé dans la nuit, parce qu'on voit bouillonner la surface de l'eau à l'endroit où la tortue veut lever la tête pour souffler, ou si la tortue dort sur l'eau, ou qu'un mâle soit attaché à une femelle, ce qu'on appelle un cavalage, l'écaille qui reluit et qui réfléchit la lumière de la lune ou des étoiles la lui fait appercevoir aussitôt, à quoi on

doit ajouter que dans les nuits les plus obscures, il reste toujours sur la surface de la terre et des eaux un peu de lumière qui est suffisant à ceux qui se couchent sur le ventre pour voir à une distance assez considérable autour d'eux. Dès qu'il apperçoit la tortue, il marque avec le bout de sa varre à celui qui conduit le canot, le lieu où il faut aller; et quand il est à portée de la tortue il la varre, c'est à dire, il la frappe et la perce avec le cloud qui est anté dans la hampe. Aussitôt que la tortue se sent blessée, elle fuit de toutes ses forces, et elle entraîne avec elle le canot avec une très grande violence; le cloud qui est entré dans son écaille ne la quitte pas, et le varreur qui a retiré sa hampe, s'en sert pour enseigner à celui qui est à l'arrière ou il doit gouverner. Après qu'elle a bien couru les forces lui manquent, souvent même elle étouffe faute de venir sur l'eau pour respirer. Quand le varreur sent que la corde mollit, il la retire peu à peu dans le canot, et s'approchant ainsi de la tortue qu'il a fait revenir de l'eau, morte ou extrêmement affaiblie, il la prend par une partie et son compagnon sur l'autre et ils la mettent dans le canot, et en vont chercher une autre.

Il n'est pas nécessaire qu'il y ait des arpillons au fer de la varre, ni que le varreur fasse entrer le fer guères plus avant que l'épaisseur de l'écaille, parce qu'aussitôt que la tortue sent la douleur que le cloud lui fait en perçant son écaille, elle se resserre de telle façon qu'on a bien plus de peine à retirer le cloud qu'on en avoit eu à le faire entrer.

The great rapidity with which one of these reptiles will run away with a boat ceases to be surprising when it is remembered that they are frequently found three feet and a half or four feet long, and two feet or two feet and a half wide, weighing three hundred pounds, and often more. Labat, who makes this observation, remarks that it is astonishing that wherever they are set down on land on their plastron, however distant they may be from the sea, to the sea they go without seeking about, without hesitation, and in the most direct line. The jolly Jesuit relates that he sometimes had the pleasure of bestriding a turtle with another person, when it carried them without difficulty, and sufficiently fast.

Mais (he adds) c'est une voiture des plus rudes, car comme elle ne peut se soutenir sur ses quatre pattes toute à la fois, elle élève le train de devant, et semble égratigner la terre en s'élançant, pendant que les pieds de derrière poussent en avant en faisant un effort qui produit un mouvement qui secoue et qui fatigue infiniment.

He tells a story of an Indian, slave to M. de la Chardonnière. The slave was alone in a small canoe, fishing with a line, when he saw a turtle asleep on the surface of the sea. He quietly approached, and passed a noose of a stout cord, which he chanced to have with him, round one of the paddles of the turtle, the other end of the cord being made fast to the bow of the canoe. The turtle awoke, and set off with all speed, and at first the Indian was under no apprehension at the rapidity with which he was carried out to sea. Sitting in the stern of his canoe, he steered with his paddle so as to avoid the waves, hoping that the turtle would either get tired or be suffocated. But, alas!

* According to Labat, a turtle of ordinary size lays as many as two hundred and fifty eggs, of the size of tennis-balls, and as round. The white, he says, never hardens, however long it may be submitted to cookery, but the yolk becomes hard, like that of the common fowl.

he got capsized, or, as Jack says, turned the turtle, losing his paddle, his knife, and all his fishing tackle. Active as he was, he had all the difficulty in the world to right his canoe. While he was hard at work doing this, the turtle was acquiring fresh strength and vigor, and when he had righted his little bark it was soon upset again. In short, this happened nine or ten times within a day and two nights, during which he was towed by the turtle without the possibility of cutting or detaching the cord. At last this tartar of a turtle got tired, and, as good luck would have it, made for a shoal, where the Indian managed to kill it, being himself half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

The third mode of capture noticed by Labat is by setting nets, colored red so that the turtles may not detect them, near the sandy shores where they go to lay their eggs; and he was present when, in the evening, the nets were spread for a *grande pêche*. He describes the nature of their oil or fat to be so penetrating, that if it is placed on one side of the hand, and rubbed in with a hot cloth, it will make its way to the opposite side, and praises it as excellent for rheumatism.

Catesby, in his *Natural History of Canada, Florida, and the Bahama Islands*, says:—

The sea-tortoise is by our sailors vulgarly called turtle, whereof there are four distinct kinds; the green turtle, the hawkbill, the loggerhead turtle, and the trunk turtle. They are all eatable; but the green turtle is that which all the inhabitants in America, that live between the tropics, subsist much upon. They much excel the other kinds of turtle, and are in great esteem for the wholesome and agreeable food they afford.

Catesby was a good observer, and his information may be generally relied on. He tells us that all sorts of turtle, except the loggerhead, are timorous, and make little resistance when taken; but that all the kinds during the season of love are very furious and regardless of danger. The male and female, he says, usually remain together about fourteen days.

After describing the structure of the limbs as more fitted for swimming than walking, he remarks that

They never go on shore but to lay their eggs, which is in April; they then crawl up from the sea, above the flowing of high water, and dig a hole above two feet deep in the sand, into which they drop in one night above an hundred eggs; at which time they are so intent on nature's work, that they regard none that approach them, but will drop their eggs in a hat, if held under them; but if they are disturbed before they begin to lay, they will forsake the place and seek another. They lay their eggs at three, and sometimes at four, different times, there being fourteen days between every time. * * When they have laid their complement of eggs, they fill the hole with sand, and leave them to be hatched by the heat of the sun, which is usually performed in about three weeks.

His description of the mode of capture varies little from that of Labat, except that he says nothing of nets.

The inhabitants of the Bahama Islands, by often practice, are very dexterous in catching them, particularly the green turtle. In April they go in little boats to the coast of Cuba, and other neighboring islands, where, in the evening, especially in moonlight nights, they watch the going and returning of the turtle to and from their nests; at which time they turn them on their backs, where they leave them and proceed on turning all they meet, for they cannot get on their feet again when once turned. Some are so large that it requires three men to turn one of them. The way by which turtle are most commonly taken at the Bahama Islands, is by striking them with a small iron peg of two inches long; this peg is put in a socket at the end of a staff twelve feet long. Two men usually set out for this work in a little light boat or canoe; one to row and gently steer the boat, while the other stands at the head of it with his striker. The turtle are sometimes discovered by their swimming with their head and back out of the water; but they are oftenest discovered lying at the bottom, a fathom or more deep. If the turtle perceives he is discovered, he starts up to make his escape; the men in the boat pursuing him endeavor to keep sight of him, which they often lose, and recover again by the turtle putting his nose out of the water to breathe; thus they pursue him, one paddling or rowing, while the other stands ready with his striker. It is sometimes half an hour before he is tired; then he sinks at once to the bottom, which gives them an opportunity of striking him, which is by piercing the shell of the turtle through with the iron peg, which slips out of the socket, but is fastened by a string to the pole. If he is spent and tired by being long pursued, he tamely submits when struck to be taken into the boat or hauled ashore. There are men who by diving will get on their backs, and by pressing down their hind part, and raising the fore part of them by force, bring them to the top of the water, while another slips a noose about their necks.

There is nothing new under the sun. Hear Pliny through the quaint pen of Philemon Holland:

Many waies the fishermen have to catch them, but especially in this manner; they use in the morning, when the weather is calm and still, to flote aloft upon the water, with their backs to be seen all over; and then they take such pleasure in breathing freely and at libertie that they forget themselves altogether; insomuch as their shell in this time is so hardened and baked with the sun, that when they would they cannot dive and sinke under the water again, but are forced against their wills to flote above, and by that meanes are exposed as a prey unto the fishermen. Some say that they go forth in the night to land for to feed, where with eating greedily they be wearie; so that in the morning, when they are returned again, they fall soon asleep above the water, and keepe such a snorting and routing in their sleepe, that they bewray where they be, and so are easily taken; and yet there must be three men about every one of them; and when they have swom unto the tortoise, two of them turn him upon his backe, the third casts a cord or halter about him, as hee lyeth with his belly upward, and then is he haled by many more together to the land.

In the South Seas skilful divers get under the turtles, and surprise them when so floating.

The spirit-stirring salmon-hunt in *Redgauntlet*

is familiar to every reading Briton, and so ought to be Mr. Darwin's most interesting *Journal*. There, in his account of Keeling Island, will be found an animated description of a turtle-chase. On the 6th April, 1836, he accompanied Captain Fitz-Roy to an island at the head of a lagoon. The exceedingly intricate channel wound its way through fields of delicately-branched corals. Several turtles were seen, and two boats were then employed in catching them. The water was so clear and shallow that, although the turtle at first dived quickly out of sight, the pursuers in a canoe or boat under sail, after no very long chase, came up to it. At that moment a man standing ready in the bows dashed through the water upon the turtle's back, and, clinging with both hands by the shell of the neck, was carried away till the animal became exhausted and was secured. We may easily fancy that it was, as Mr. Darwin says, quite an interesting chase, with the two boats doubling about, and the men dashing into the water endeavoring to seize their prey.

But in the Oriental seas a still more curious mode of taking turtle is recorded by safe authors.

Many have heard of the *Remora*, a fish whose *vis inertiae* was, in old times, believed to be sufficient to stop an argosy if it attached itself to the ship. The fishermen take with them, in their small light boat, a tub containing a supply of these fishes. It is necessary to premise, for the edification of those who are not acquainted with the organization of a remora, that there is an oval plate at the top of its head, with a soft fleshy circumference. Within this is a very remarkable apparatus of firm pieces or plates, disposed in two regular rows across the top of the head. These pieces are capable of movement on their axis by the aid of appropriate muscles, as the laths of movable wooden blinds are made to turn so as to exclude the sun's rays by pulling the adjusting string, or like the plates of the new glass ventilators. The free edges of the plates of the remora, which in different species of the genus vary from fifteen to thirty-six, are armed with small hooks, which can be all raised at once like the teeth of a wool-card. Well, to the tail of each of these living tackles in the tubs is fastened a ring, ready for the attachment of a cord, which, though fine, is long and strong. All being ready, the fisherman bides his time till he gets sight of a turtle comfortably basking in a dozy state on the surface within the proper distance. Noiselessly, then, does he slip one of his corded remoras overboard, and the fish, ill-provided with fins for an enduring swim, makes instantly for the turtle, while the fisherman, almost afraid to draw his breath, pays out the line. Away goes the remora, without stop or stay, till it anchors on the plastron of the slumberer. The fisherman remembers the patient demeanor required by all of his craft, and "gives time." When he thinks the marine squatter has made a comfortable settlement he hauls away, and the surprised turtle finds itself on board the boat, where a push applied from

behind forwards detaches the remora, when the turtle is laid upon its back, *secundum artem*, at the bottom of the boat, and the remora is returned to its tub; burning, no doubt, cold-blooded as it is, to relate its adventure and the uncompromising treatment to which it has been subjected.

How many mortals are treated by the great like this poor remora, and, having secured the prize for them, are returned to their tub till "next time!"

But to return to Catesby. After a short account of the hawksbill, he says of the loggerheads that they are the boldest, the most voracious, and the foulest feeders of all the turtles.

They range (says he) the ocean over; an instance of which, amongst many that I have known happen'd the 20th of April, 1725, in the latitude of thirty degrees north, when our boat was hoisted out, and a loggerhead turtle struck as it was sleeping on the surface of the water. This, by our reckoning, appeared to be midway between the Azores and the Bahama Islands, either of which places being the nearest land it could come from, or that they are known to frequent; there being none on the north continent of America further north than Cape Florida. It being amphibious, and yet at so great a distance from land at breeding time, makes it the more remarkable. They feed mostly on shell-fish; the greater strength and hardness of their beaks enabling them to break very large shells, particularly the *Buccinum*, pieces of which I have taken out of their stomachs, and have seen fractures upon large shells, which the turtles told me were caused by turtles.

Of the trunk turtle (sphargis) he says that it is rarely taken; indeed, he does not appear to have seen one in those latitudes, though he "was told they grow to a very large size;" but as he opens his description of these animals by saying that they are all eatable, though he qualifies it afterwards by stating that the flesh of the trunk turtle is rank, but affords a large quantity of oil, Pennant's anecdote relative to one of the three which were captured off the coast of Scarborough, about a hundred years since, should not be forgotten. It was purchased by an Amphitryon, who invited several guests to feast on turtle; but there was a sage among them who knew something of the matter in hand, and warned the company of the consequences, who, though looking somewhat blank, took his advice, with one exception. That sturdy gastrophilist would not be balked of his meal, and shovelled away till he was seized with symptoms very like those of cholera, which brought him to death's door. And yet Pennant, who was as accomplished an antiquary as he was a naturalist, tells us, that the Carthusians eat no other species; but the stomach of a monk and that of a sailor will digest anything.

Dr. Patrick Browne, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, mentions the hawksbill, the green turtle, and the loggerhead only. Of the first he says, that its flesh is not so delicate, nor so much esteemed, as that of the green turtle, though frequently used in all parts of America; but its scales are the most

valued, being generally the thickest and best colored. Of the second, he states that it is delicate tender food while young, but that, as it grows old, it becomes more tough and gristly; and he is right. The juices, he observes, are generally reckoned great restoratives; and he adds, that they heal and smooth the skin in scorbutic and leprous habits, and are said to cure even the most obstinate taints.

The loggerhead from which his description was taken was caught near the Western Islands, many leagues out at sea. The back was covered with what he calls moss, and with barnacles; a crab, which he figures as big as a walnut, was found sticking in the wrinkles in the hinder part of the body. The intestines "were full of galateas and medusas, which, with a few branches of some seaweeds, made up all its nourishment; yet it was fat and rich, but of a strong, rank, fishy taste. I eat some, and it agreed pretty well with my stomach."

Let not the uninitiated reader fancy that Browne's loggerhead had been feasting on nymphs and the daughters of sea-deities. The galateas and medusas were simple aculeophans or jelly-fishes—as they are most improperly called, for they have nothing of a true fish about them—and the like.

Hughes* is the last historian, to be here quoted, of those beautiful islands that rise from out the glowing sea, in all the prodigality of their tropical verdure,

As green as emerald,

once some of the brightest gems in the crown of Britain, now dimmed and poverty-stricken by a so-called liberal policy.

Of the three different sorts that frequent or are bred near these West Indian Islands, the hawk's-bill alone affords what is commonly called the tortoise-shell. The two other species (viz.) the green and the yellow, a mulatto tortoise,† have each of them such shells divided into as many regular laminae, but they are so very thin as not to be fit for use. A tortoise hath four fins, with which it paddles whilst in the water, not very different from the strokes of oars; and it is likewise by the help of these that the female glides along the sand when she comes on shore to lay her eggs. The common method of taking them is to pitch nets with very large meshes in the bays where they frequent, to feed upon the green and leafed moss that grows at different depths in the bottom of the sea. When taken entangled in these nets alive, they may be brought ashore and kept some weeks alive without any sustenance; for several days after they are taken they sigh heavily. If they die in the net, they stink in less than an hour's time; but if killed, which is done by cutting the throat, (to give vent to the blood, which is always as cold as water,) the flesh will keep, not only uncorrupted, but, though cut in pieces, the fore-quarter and calappee will continue to have a strong, lively, muscular motion, for fourteen or even eighteen hours: for if at that time it is pricked with a pin or fork, it will move and contract itself visibly.

* A Natural History of Barbadoes.

† The loggerhead, probably.

Some parts of the flesh cut reddish, resembling coarse beef; another part is white as a chicken; the fat about the fins is somewhat yellowish; but the far greater part close to the upper and under shell is as green as a leek. They are caught of different sizes; the largest that hath been taken in this island, within my remembrance, did not exceed four hundred weight. * * The flesh when baked or stewed is a most delicious and nourishing diet; the young ones are often caught with a hook and line; the properest bait for this purpose is a sea-bladder; and they are likewise sometimes drawn ashore in nets. There is another method of taking the larger sort, especially the females, by watching their coming ashore in the nights, upon the dry, sandy bays, in the months of June, July, August, and September, in which laying seasons, after they have crawled above high-water mark, they dig with their fins (which are strong, nervous, and fleshy) a hole of about two feet deep, in the loose sand, in which the female lays an hundred or more eggs; the outward tegument of these is rather skinny than shelly; its shape is round, of about an inch and a quarter diameter; the inside of the egg is yellow, and to the taste somewhat gritty. After these eggs are thus deposited in the sand, the tortoise fills up the hole in so nice a manner, that it will be scarce perceivable that the sand had been disturbed; and the eggs, by the heat of the sun, will, in nine weeks, be hatched, and the young tortoises immediately crawl into the sea.

The trunk turtle,* instead of being armed back and breast in plate armor, is sheathed, as it were, with buff stretched upon longitudinal, riblike processes, tuberculous and serrated in young subjects, but completely smooth in the ancients. This is the *Testudo coriacea Mercurii* of Rondeletius; *Testudo lyra* of some German zoologists; *Tortue luth* of the French. These last names seem to claim for it a niche, as contributing to the construction of the ancient lyre; and, indeed, we see no reason for shutting out the Thalassian tortoises from the competition. Hear Flaccus in his rapture:—

O testudinis aureæ
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O multis quoque piscibus
Donatura cynci, si libeat, sonum!
Totum muneris hoc tui est,
Quod monstror digito prætercuntium
Romanæ fidicen lyrae;
Quod spiro et placeo (si placeo) tum est.†

But those who point to the third of these grateful and gratifying lines, as evidence in favor of the

* *Sphargis coriacea*. *Testudo coriacea*, Linn.; *Genus Coriudo* of Fleming; *Dermatochelys* of De Blainville.

† Carm. iv. 3. The lyre in the constellation *Lyra* on the Farnese globe surmounts the shell of a land-tortoise. The instrument has six strings only; one may have been defaced, or it may have been purposely omitted in memory of the lost Pleiad:—

Septena putaris
Plectadum numero fila deliasse lyrae.

Certain wags of yore, by way of frightening the neighbors, used land-tortoises as the vehicles of lights of another description. Having fixed burning tapers on the backs of the tortoises, they turned them down in some cemetery, where the slowly wandering fires, now solitary, now meeting, as if two or more restless spirits were in conclave at the dead hour of night, produced the desired effect. Sometimes they would increase the panic by adding to the tortoises a corps of able-bodied locusts fitted out in the same manner; which formed an assemblage of corpse-candles and saltatory witch-fires sufficiently appalling.

sea-tortoises, must be reminded that the sphargis, as its name implies,* is so far from being mute, that it utters sounds very near akin to the bellowings of distress when entangled in the fatal net, or oppressed with wounds. The carapace and plastron, with its longitudinal, string-like lines or ribs, may have suggested the lyrical name accorded to the species. We have said enough to put those hungry gentlemen on their guard who may feel disposed to consign it to the tureen. It attains a great size. Individuals weighing 700 and 800 pounds have been taken on our coasts. These were stragglers; but instances are on record of their having been captured, temptingly fat, of the weight of 1500 or 1600 pounds. Nor do some of the species of chelone stop at that point with which the lovers of turtle are familiar. Some of that genus have been taken with a carapace measuring nearly seven feet in length, and more than fifteen feet in circumference; and have turned the scale against from 800 to 900 pounds.

When first hatched, the shells of the young turtles are said to be comparatively imperfect, and the little animals have a blanched appearance. Their welcome upon emerging into the light, as they swarm out of the sand like ants from an ant-hill, is but a rough one; and few young animals are surrounded with more dangers. They instinctively make for the sea, but their numbers are greatly reduced by predatory birds and other enemies before it is reached; and there and then the hungry fishes wait for them open-mouthed. Still, as in the case of all other races, the issue of the battle of life is in their favor, till the species dies out, like the extinct *colossochelys*, (Falconer,) whose weight must have been something enormous, or, like that chimera-like form of the ancient world, in which Nature seems freakishly to have united the sauro-chelysian, or half-lizard, half-tortoise shape, with the canines of a walrus.†

The *testudinata* figure largely in the ancient pharmacopœia, and they seem to have a claim to the patronage of the deities of health equal, at least, to that of the serpents. They must, moreover, have been the terror of the Canidias of the time.

The flesh of land-tortoises serveth wel in perfumes and suffumigations, for so it is as good as a countercharm to put by and repell all sorceries and enchantments; a singular counterpoison also to resist any venom whatsoever. Great store of tortoises be found in Affricke; where they use to cut away the head and feet, and then employ the rest of the body as a sovereign remedy against all poysons.

Tortoise pottage appears to have rivalled viper broth:—

If their flesh be eaten together with the broth wherein they are sodden, it is held to be very good for to discusse and scatter the wens called the King's Evil, and to dissipat or resolve the hard-

* *Sphargis*, to utter a loud sound or roar.

† *Dicynodon*. Discovered by A. G. Bain, Esq., in sandstone rocks at the south-eastern extremity of Africa; named and described by Professor Owen in *Trans. Geol. Soc.*, vol. vii., part 2.

nesse of the swelled spleene; likewise to cure the falling sicknes, and to drive away the fits thereof. The blood of tortoises clarifieth the eyesight and dispatcheth the cataracts, if they be anointed therewith. Many incorporat the said blood in meale, and keep them reduced into the forme of pills; which, when need requireth, they give in wine as a present help for the poyson of all serpents, spiders, and such like, yea, and the venom of toads. The gail of tortoises mixt with Atticke hony, serveth to cure the fiery rednesse of the eyes, if they be anointed therewith; the same is good to be dropt into the wounds inflicted by the prick of scorpions. The ashes of the tortoise shel incorporat with wine and oile, and so wrought into a salve, heals the chaps and ulcers of the feet.

These are but a few of the miracles of healing effected by the application of this panacea of the Roman apothecary's shop.

Nor are the remedies incorporated in the turtles—the “sea-tortoises”—a whit less powerful or numerous. We spare the catalogue of cures, which those who are curious may read in the marvellous pages of him who has been called the martyr of nature; only out of our benevolence, and by way of throwing those numerous specifics for the toothache that adorn those towering nuisances, the advertising vans, into the shade, informing the afflicted that, “Whosoever rubbeth their teeth with tortoise blood, and use so to do a whole yeare together”—remember that—“shal be freed from the pain thereof for ever.”*

The ancient mariner—not Coleridge's—believed that the foot of a tortoise put on board would stop the way of the ship; and the housewife of other days had no doubt that the shell of a tortoise placed on the pot as it simmered over the fire would prevent it from boiling over.

The tortoise of ancient fable was sufficiently sage, except when he prevailed on the eagle to give him a lesson in flying, and suffered accordingly. To say nothing of his race with the hare, he was eminently reflective as well as persevering. And though he was tempted to murmur at first when he saw the lithe and leaping frogs clearing at a bound a space which cost him long and sore travel, as he dragged himself and his shell along upon the earth—when he saw the eel and king stork at work upon them, and how their unarmed bodies exposed them to the stones thrown by a mere child, he repented and said—“How much better to bear the weight of this shielding shell, than to be subject to so many forms of wounds and death.” And when he beheld Io dancing a frantic hornpipe to the tune of a gaddly, did he not hug himself, and glancing at his panoply, exclaim—“I don't care for flies!”†

To be sure, he was at times more honest than polite; as when, on receiving Jove's command to meet the rest of animated nature on the occasion of his nuptials with Juno, he returned the somewhat ungracious answer—*οἶκος φίλος, οἶκος ἀγαστος*—“home, sweet home; there's no place like home,”—a reply which so roused the ire of the

* Holland's *Pliny*.

† *Non curat testudo muscas*.

father of gods and men, that the fiat went forth—"As his home is so dear to him, he shall never go out of it." This was rather shocking at first; but our philosophical tortoise bowed to the decree, observing, that he much preferred carrying his house about with him to being a fixture, where he might be condemned to disturbance by the quarrels of his neighbors.

But why did Apelles paint his image under the feet of Aphrodite? Why did Phidias make the delicate foot of his chryselephantine statue rest upon this sedentary emblem?

* *Tardigrada, herbigrada, domiporta et sanguine cassa, Sub pedibus Veneris Cous quam pinxit Apelles.*

This must have been a different picture from that of the celebrated Venus Anadyomene by the same hand, which was, probably, in the splendid collection of Augustus before he transferred the masterpiece to the temple dedicated by him to Julius Cæsar. Ovid notices a painting which may well pass for it, in his description of the finest works in that magnificent palace.—*Trist.* ii., 527, 528.

† In the temple of Venus Urania.

As a hint to ladies to be quiet, and stay at home—excellent things in woman.

Upon my word, sir!

The idea, madam, I assure you, is not mine. You read Latin with the ease of a Roman matron. No! Then ask your husband, son, or brother, to do the following into English:—

Alma Venus quænam hæc facies, quid denotat illa

Testudo molli quam pede, Diva, premis?

Me sic effinxit Phidias, sexumque referri

Fæmineum nostrâ jussit ab effigie.

Quodque manere domi et tacitas decet esse puellas,

Suppositus pedibus talia signa meis.

The women wore wooden images of the reptile to denote their silence and domesticity, as Laïs knew to her cost, when the Thessalian matrons assassinated her with such ornaments. Overzealous worshippers were they of the celestial Venus, the good, the retiring, the personification of all that is amiable, beautiful, and modest.

So stands the statue that enchants the world.

Correspondence of the Morning Chronicle, Paris, Jan. 1, 1852.

THE "TE DEUM" AT NOTRE DAME.

THE ceremony of returning thanks to Heaven, as ordered by the President of the Republic, for the success of his late election, was celebrated to-day at the cathedral of Notre Dame, with most imposing magnificence. The weather was not by any means propitious for the occasion, the cold being exceedingly severe, and a thick fog during the whole day, but particularly in the morning, enveloping Paris. Notwithstanding this drawback, a considerable number of persons had already collected in the neighborhood of the cathedral as early as nine o'clock, although no person was permitted to approach the building itself unless provided with a ticket.

Immediately in front of the sacred edifice workmen were to be seen completing the preparations of the ornamentation. Some were finishing the laying down of the painted basements of the gigantic flagstuffs, from each of which were floating vast streamers of tricolored silk; others were covering the pavement with sand, to prevent accidents from the slippery state of the pavement; and others, again, were removing from covered wagons stools, benches, and other articles required inside for the accommodation of the spectators; all was bustle, but without confusion.

The appearance of the open space in front of the cathedral, or, as it is technically designated, the *parvis*, was exceedingly striking. Down the whole length of the Rue du Parvis tricolored flags were streaming from lofty masts; further down, in the open space itself, more elevated flagstuffs bore still larger streamers; whilst close to the entrance the tricolored flags were intermingled with others of green silk, sprinkled over with silver stars—green being the color of the Prince Louis Napoleon, as it was formerly of the emperor, his uncle. Springing from the fretwork of the old cathedral, immediately over the grand entrance, was erected an awning of crimson velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery, under which the President of the Republic was to alight from his carriage. At each side floated green flags, bearing the letters "L. N." within a laurel wreath. Beyond them, at each side, trophies were erected, with a shield in the

centre, also bearing the same initials, the whole surmounted by a *faisceau* of tricolored flags, artistically arranged; still farther on, at each corner of the front of the building, were to be seen lofty hangings of crimson velvet to match the canopy in the centre. In the recess of the grand portal were suspended pieces of ancient tapestry, admirably executed, representing sacred subjects. As each of these works of art bore in the wrought portion of its bordering the cross and arms of the See of Paris—namely, the Virgin overcoming the Hydra of Doubt and Anarchy—it is to be presumed that they all belong to the cathedral itself. The *façade* above the grand portal was also hung with draperies of crimson velvet and gold, the whole being profusely sprinkled over with golden stars; and at each side of the large rose-window of the centre were placed two painted panels, representing, on the right, Charlemagne and St. Louis, and on the left Louis XIV. and Napoleon.

Half-past nine had been appointed as the hour for opening the doors to the public, and it was arranged that the ministers, the diplomatic corps, the marshals, and the officers of the staff, should enter by the grand portal in the centre, whilst the two lesser entrances at each side should be appropriated to the public. The central entrance was, in conformity with this arrangement, duly thrown open at the appointed hour; but the persons who arrived with tickets for the central doors had to wait upwards of half an hour, in the midst of a bitter frost and a fog so dense that it would not have disgraced the good city of London on one of her worst days of November exhalation. At last, however, the huge doors turned slowly on their hinges, and the sight inside served to dissipate the slight discontent which the unexpected penance at the door outside had generated in the minds of those kept waiting. The whole of the pillars of the interior were encircled with crimson velvet, ending with a binding of gold embroidery immediately below the capitals; between every two pillars was suspended a beautiful chandelier of cut glass, from the centre of the arch which they supported; each of these chandeliers contained forty-five wax lights. Down the centre aisle, three ranges of chandeliers, of infinitely larger size, though not of more beautiful form and proportion, were hung from the fretted

roof by ropes of great thickness, but which above seemed scarcely thicker than whipcord, so great was the distance from the spectator to the points from which they descended. The nine chandeliers, forming the central line, were of larger size than the eighteen lateral ones, and not being let down altogether so low as the others, prevented the monotony which would otherwise have struck the eye. The part of the sacred edifice which the eye of the spectator could freely wander over terminated at the iron railing which separates the choir from the rest of the centre aisle; at that point a lofty screen was erected, which effectually cut off that part of the church from the rest; so that of the four parts of the Greek cross, which forms the church, the eastern one bore no ostensible part in the ceremony. It was, however, most usefully occupied, as in it were placed the orchestra and singers, who were to perform the pieces of music appointed for the day. But though the screen in question rendered the choir completely isolated from the crowd, it only did so below, as above the blaze of light from innumerable wax tapers almost caused the eye to ache when it first sent its gaze in their direction. After a time, however, this extreme brilliancy faded away, for, as the day advanced, the fog entered the cathedral, and to a certain extent clouded the immense glare of light which was at first so perceptible. In addition to all these lights, smaller chandeliers were to be seen above, at the back of the tribunes, erected high up between the pillars, for the public; and at the same height gilt bronze sconces were placed at each side of the pillars above—all adding to the general illumination. Also, in the aisle below lofty candelabra of gilt bronze stood along the sides, containing each about two dozen of lights. The whole number of wax lights burning was 13,000.

The manner in which the sacred building was arranged for the ceremony was alike simple and convenient. The centre aisle was only used on the occasion, the side aisles being employed as passages to the various tribunes. These tribunes were erected in the centre aisle, up to the pillars already described as covered with crimson velvet; the tribunes on the right were reserved for the public in general, and those on the left for the mayors, delegates of the departments, the consuls, and a portion of the public functionaries. The transepts were converted into immense amphitheatres of seats (if such a term can be applied) the right being appropriated to the bar, the diplomatic body, the council of prud'hommes, the institute, the municipal bodies of the banlieue, &c.; and the left to the ministers, the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, the academic body, the juges de paix, &c. The lower part of the central aisle was exclusively occupied by the officers of the staff, and those appointed from the different regiments of Paris and its vicinity. This portion of the spectators at last became so predominant, that it was impossible not to conceive the idea that some great military spectacle was about to be presented.

In front of the screen before the choir was erected the altar, which was covered with white silk, embroidered with gold. At some distance from it was placed the president's chair, having in front of it a *prie-dieu*, both of a very simple description. Behind him were seats for the marshals of France, and for the officers of the president's household. The clergy were assigned seats on the right, just below the benches appropriated to the bar, &c.

About half-past ten the tribunes were nearly all

filled, and at eleven every place was occupied. The cold was so intense that, notwithstanding the immense amount of heat which the vast number of lights must have emitted, most persons were heard to complain that their feet were benumbed. The number of ladies was not very great—decidedly much less than the fairer portion of the creation who are generally seen at public spectacles in France.

One of the peculiarities of the decoration was the prevalence of the cipher "L. N." in every part of the cathedral. It was to be seen high up on every pillar, on the front of the tribunes above, and on the shields which were to be seen at each side down the centre aisle; it was also to be seen on the highest part of the immense canopy of crimson velvet which surmounted the altar and part of the central space between the transepts.

But above the altar, and midway between it and the canopy just mentioned, a lofty shrine was erected in the Byzantine style, overshadowing, and, as it were, protecting the altar and what it bore. And most precious was, in the mind of the devout Roman Catholic, what the altar bore, being nothing else than a piece of the true cross contained in a silver-gilt receptacle. The ornaments of the altar were all of silver-gilt, and must have been of great value, both intrinsically and as works of art; the candlesticks (fourteen in number) being not only of silver gilt, nearly five feet high, but admirably executed.

About a quarter-past eleven o'clock the ministers arrived, and at once took their places on the left; and immediately after a considerable number of general officers were seen advancing to the place. Amongst the first was General de la Rancière, an old cavalry officer of the emperor's, with his left arm wanting; then, Generals Lebreton, Cornemuse Carrelet, Levasseur, Dular Foret, and a crowd of others; also Admirals Roussin and Mackau. Much interest was excited by the appearance of Marshals Excelmans and Jerome Bonaparte, the ex-king of Westphalia, who entered together, the uncle of the president following his younger fellow-soldier. They both took their seats behind the president's chair of state—this being the first time Jerome Bonaparte has appeared where his nephew was to be, since his letter to him on the 4th of December. Near them, at a later part of the day, were to be seen Marshals Reille, Vaillant, and Harispe.

A little later, the ambassadors of the foreign powers began to arrive, and came, as was befitting so imposing a ceremony, in grand official costume. One of the latest of the high functionaries who arrived was the Marquis of Normanby, and his appearance caused a certain sensation, in consequence of one of the gentlemen in his suite wearing the scarlet coat of the English uniform. At an earlier part of the day another officer had entered, dressed in a similar manner. The *corps diplomatique* was exceedingly numerous, and amongst them was Mr. Rives, the American minister, who appeared on this occasion for the first time since the late *coup d'état*. The Pope's Nuncio was also present, and in full sacerdotal dress.

It was very nearly twelve when the Archbishop of Paris and the clergy moved down the aisle to receive the president of the republic. Only one bishop was present during the day with the archbishop, namely, the Bishop of St. Fleur, situated in the south of France; the rest of the sacerdotal *cortège* was composed of canons and curés in

splendid canonicals. Just as the body arrived at the grand entrance, the drums beat to arms, the *bourdon*, or great bell at Notre Dame, pealed forth, and Louis Napoleon descended from his carriage. On alighting he was received by the archbishop, who tendered to him the holy relic, the morsel of the true cross, to kiss; presented to him the holy water; and then, turning round, led back the procession to the altar. The prince followed immediately behind the clergy, having on his right hand the General St. Arnaud, minister of war; and on his left, General Magnan, commander-in-chief of the army of Paris. The president of the republic was received with loud cries of "Vive Napoleon!" and the same shouts greeted him as he advanced. Louis Napoleon acknowledged the reception by slightly bowing from side to side. He looked in excellent health, and on this occasion had changed the attire in which he has hitherto appeared at public ceremonies, having put off the uniform of the National Guard, and assumed that of a general of the army, but still wearing his *crachat* of the legion of honor, and the red ribbon as grand cordon of that order.

The prince at once proceeded to his seat, the orchestra, organ, and singers thundering forth at the time the "Grand March" of Lesneur, composed for the emperor's coronation. The whole of the spectators stood up as he passed, with his splendid staff; and all, even the military, stood uncovered during his passage from the grand entrance to the chair of state. It may be as well, as a faithful historian, to state that several cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" accompanied the otherwise universal one of "Vive Napoleon!"

After the "Grand March" came the "Vivat," and then the "Te Deum." Afterwards was executed, all in the most admirable style, the "Domine, salvum fac Napoleonem;" after which, the archbishop gave the benediction, and the ceremony terminated. The clergy then, as before, led the way, and the prince departed nearly as he had entered, supported on each side, as before, by General Magnan and General de St. Arnaud. The orchestra raised a lively march as he departed, the *bourdon* again boomed forth, the cannon of the Invalids thundered forth from their iron throats, and, lastly, the vast multitude in the cathedral raised the shout, "Vive Napoleon!" so loud and sustained, that no one who heard it will easily efface it from his memory.

The prince then entered his carriage, and, taking the Rue d'Arcole, the Quai Napoleon, the Pont Michel, and the quays on the right hand of the Seine, arrived at the Tuileries.

Troops lined the whole way, on both sides, and the reception given to him outside was exceedingly satisfactory, though not, of necessity, of so concentrated a character as that within the walls of the cathedral. The reception of the authorities at the Tuileries, then took place, and to-night the public buildings are to be illuminated.

ANTIOCH AND ITS HOUSES.—Antioch is, beyond dispute, the cheapest place in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and if it were not for the ragged little boys, who hoot at every stranger, and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way, I should refer it as a place of residence to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated, and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bed-room, and a dressing-

room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a storehouse, a kitchen, and a servants' room. I had in the garden a grape-vine, (muscatel,) a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing room. For all this accommodation I paid 350 piastres—about 3*l.* sterling; and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished; but furniture in the east is seldom on a grand scale; a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about 3*l.* a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for 1*s.*; fowls, and fat ones too, 2*d.* each. Fish is sold by the weight; thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds' weight for 1*s.* Eels, the very best flavored in the world, 1*d.* each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, asparagus, celery, water-cresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a penny-worth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about 5*s.* the horse-load. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of 40*l.* per annum. Under these circumstances, it may appear marvellous that many Europeans possessed of limited means have not made Antioch their temporary home; but every question has two sides, and everything its pros and cons. The cons in this instance are the barbarous character of the people among whom you live; the perpetual liability of becoming at one instant's warning the victim of some fanatical émeute; the small hopes you have of redress for the grossest insults offered; the continual intrigues entered into by the Ayans to disturb your peace and comfort; the absence of many of the luxuries enjoyed in Europe; the want of society and books; and the total absence of all places of worship, which gradually creates in the mind a morbid indifference to religion, and which feeling frequently degenerates into absolute infidelity. It is better to choose with David in such a case, and say: "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of iniquity."—*Neale's Eight Years in Syria.*

CREDULITY.—The different forms of credulity become fashionable at different epochs, as well as the different styles of garments. In every age some form has been prevalent and vociferous in condemnation of every other form of credulity. Yet it may not have less of superstition than all others. * *

There is a credulity in other matters besides religion, and being as yet unsuspected, and not viewed as a form of superstition, it is not held as of the same kith and kin with a belief in the miraculous powers of certain images, or of "the wood of the true cross."

It is singular how people will go in crowds, seemingly irrespective of the truth; how they will adopt modes of belief, and sympathize in a prevalent mania, apparently casting aside all considerations of judgment. * * * Yet in all this how credulous do they prove themselves! How do they receive theories which have not become established in science, and how do they veer round with the newly proposed, ever-changing schemes of their masters! * *

There is a species of superstition which inclines men to take on trust whatever assumes the name of science, and which seems to be a reaction on the old superstition that had faith in witches, but none in Sir Isaac Newton, and believed in ghosts, but failed to credit the Gregorian Calendar.—*Calendar.*